

A black and white photograph of a man fishing in a stream. He is wearing a hat and a jacket, and is holding a fishing rod. The background is dark and wooded.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 8, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

**THE
FIFTH LESSON
BY
BEN HOGAN**

**TROUT FISHERMAN
A. WELLS PECK**

**PREVIEW
THE TROUT SEASON
A NATIONWIDE REPORT**



**great recipe for summer: luxury that's wash & wear!
jersey sports shirts of 100% Acrilan by Van Heusen**

You can't beat these shirts for good taste. They look terrific. They're soft and rich. They're comfortable, lightweight jersey of 100% Acrilan. Plus all this, they're real man's fare... rugged enough to take steady wear and frequent washings, still hold their luxury look and colors... thanks to Acrilan

acrylic fiber. A snap to care for, they go into the washing machine at the warm-water setting, drip dry, need little if any ironing. Van Heusen's tailoring does these shirts proud. They'll do the same for you!

Sports shirts by **VAN HEUSEN**

ACRILAN

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THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 150 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Phone: ACRILAN/ACRYLIC FIBER • Dealer: THE CHEMSTRAND SYLON, Pensacola, Fla.

Memo to Advertisers

Long before the Ben Hogan series appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED we felt sure that the articles would create more comment than anything that had previously appeared in the magazine --- but we didn't even come close to anticipating just how great the response would be. It seems almost impossible to walk down the street, let alone enter an office or go to a party, with hearing some comment, praise, or incident concerning the series.

We have had literally hundreds of requests for extra copies. I can only say that we have a limited number of tearsheets which we'll be happy to send out as long as they last. Just drop me a line, or ask your nearest SPORTS ILLUSTRATED representative.

* * * * *

Those of you who know our Associate Advertising Manager Bill Curran, know that like so many of us, he is a golfer whose enthusiasm for the game occasionally exceeds his technical skill. So it pleases me to quote an Associated Press report on the first round Seminole pro-amateur tournament:

"Gardner Dickinson, of Panama City, Fla., and William G. Curran, Detroit advertising executive, shared the lead with 30-31--61. Curran, whose handicap is 13, helped Dickinson by 11 strokes."

All this, after reading only "The Grip" and "The Stance"! I shudder to think of what would have happened at the Seminole if all 5 installments had gotten into our Bill's hands before the tournament started.

On the remaining flaps of this insert you'll find reports from our branch offices on other effects of the Hogan series in other parts of the country.

I think you will agree that they are even more important than Curran's Conquest in telling the story of the impact of a certain magazine.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

Note: These memos appear only in copies addressed to advertisers and advertising agencies.

To Bill Helman

From Dick Haskell, Boston

From all indications every golfer in Boston is talking Hogan. At dinner Saturday, two doctors mentioned that every golfing doctor at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital has been raving about the illustrations. Explanation for the fact that Ravielli has had experience with anatomy came as no surprise. President of Acushnet, William Bommer, and Bob Eaton, Chas. F. Eaton Co., were particularly high in their praise of these first two articles. Several acquaintances just taking up golf have already told me that Hogan is going to be their bible for learning golf. Even the elevator operators in the office building have asked if I could get them copies with Hogan articles. Everybody is especially high on the drawings. Personally, I am going to Pinehurst to try it out.

To Bill Helman

From Winn Nance, Los Angeles

At Palos Verdes Golf Club. Red Eaton, secretary, says that nearly everyone at the club has read and is practicing or discussing it. Reaction entirely favorable. Bud Oakly, club pro, says that first article created immediate sensation and he was amused attention paid to grip by players of all handicaps.

To Bill Helman

From Bill Clark, Cleveland

Hogan response fantastic from business associates, friends and neighbors.

Snedecor reports it was the talk of the Canterbury Country Club locker room yesterday with copies in evidence and players practicing and using Hogan techniques.

Ted Bonda, local Avis manager, used the grip on six holes the other day and says his game improved noticeably.

At Bell Sound Systems sales meeting in Columbus Saturday we handed out current issue to the fifty people present. Nine men asked about getting Lesson Number One and this is being sent to them.

Bruce Wert of Goodyear read second lesson first and had to scour around to find his copy of lesson number one.

Stan Seward of D'Arcy and John Ragsdale of General Tire are saving the series to read all at one time.

No negative reactions except from some of us duffers who know we will never break 80 and feel Hogan is showing us up. But this comment is always with a smile.

(continue on back insert flaps)

Bob Mathias took a swim... then he used Vitalis



Vitalis makes Olympic champ Bob Mathias' hair look great in the water, too.*

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

"I like to swim," says Californian Bob Mathias. "But sun, wind and water are rough on my hair. That's why I use Vitalis. It's not greasy, and it doesn't dry out my hair."

It's that simple. Vitalis makes hair easy to manage. Yet you never have a greasy look because Vitalis contains V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. What's more, Vitalis provides superb protection against dried-out hair and scalp. Try new Vitalis. You'll like it.

**He's under contract to Batjac-Panama Productions, producers of "Legend of the Lost."*

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Does your hair look like a greasy hair tonic that stains pillowcases clean—like this?</p>  | <p>Greaseless Vitalis leaves pillowcases clean—like this!</p>  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



THIS WEEK a sun-tanned Roy Terrell walked into the office, fresh from the baseball training camps. Like a number of other editors, writers and photographers, Terrell had spent most of the spring and part of the winter readying SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's opening lineup for the baseball season—one that

you'll see next week in our second annual Special Baseball Issue.

On paper, as the saying goes, the lineup looks to me like a pennant winner. And that's as it should be for, unlike the Yankees and the Indians, the Dodgers and the Pirates, it's on paper that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED plays its most important games.

Batting in first position: An introduction to the coming season by Robert Creamer, also fresh from Florida.

Second: A new work by the famous poet and lifetime baseball fan, Ogden Nash—*Decline and Fall of a Roman Umpire*.

Third: A color portfolio of some of baseball's greatest active stars who for varying reasons this year are especially on the spot.

Fourth, in the cleanup spot: 32 pages of Scouting Reports on all 16 major league clubs, based on current spring training surveys.

Fifth: A revolutionary inquiry into the science of pitching by Rear Admiral Dan Gallery which is bound to put some new baseball thoughts into some old baseball heads.

Sixth: This one will start a rhubarb: a prejudiced piece by a frankly prejudiced fan, James Murray, who suggests some new standards for election to the Hall of Fame.

Seventh: Revealing, unusual and useful baseball statistics, prepared by and appearing only in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Eighth: A look at baseball's distaff side which brings to the foreground some of the more delightful aspects of its background.

Ninth: **PAT ON THE BACK**—for the umpires, who don't get many of them after the season starts.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's lineup, of course, has a strong bench behind it. But perhaps the best part of all, when it comes to bat next week, is that this is one lineup you can stick with all season long.



DUNLOP MAXDRI



ALL-WEATHER GOLF SHOES

Handsome, two-tone, all-weather shoe with rubber sole, rubber impregnated canvas uppers. Made on comfortable arch supporting last. Cleats specially designed for bad weather golfing assure good grip regardless of ground conditions.



TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION
Sporting Goods Division
500 Fifth Avenue • New York 26, N. Y.



1. SHORT HOLE—TEE SHOT



2. LONG FAIRWAY SHOT—300 YARD HOLE



BEFORE TEST

AFTER TEST

Tougher, whiter, easier to identify...

New 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE

**New miracle golf ball passes
punishing all-iron test!**



3. SHORT IRON TO THE GREEN



4. SIDEHILL LIE ON THE 7th



5. COMING OUT OF HEAVY ROUGH



6. LONG IRON TO THE GREEN



7. CHIP FROM THE APRON



8. SINKING A SIX-FOOTER

To PROVE the toughness of the amazing new 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE, we asked a scratch handicap golfer to play a new AIR-FLITE for 18 holes—with only a set of irons in his bag!

The un-retouched photos above show the incredible durability of the new AIR-FLITE. After 18 deadly holes of straight iron play, the AIR-FLITE looks almost as good as it did on the first tee. And it still has plenty of life left, too.

The secret is in Spalding's exclusive DURATHIN cover, with an amazing new indelible white finish that really keeps its shine, hole after rugged hole, washing after washing.

If you haven't tried the 1957 version of this high-compression beauty, do so your next round. Distinct new markings, exceptional durability and long-lasting whiteness put this famous high-compression ball farther out front than ever.

Get new Spalding AIR-FLITES at your Spalding dealer's—3 for \$3.75. All Spalding merchandise is unconditionally guaranteed.

The 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE will outplay and outlast any other ball your dealer sells!

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports



COVER: A. WELLS PECK
Photograph by Hans Knopf

Dedicated and determined, the chairman of the board of Peck & Peck here personifies the millions of fishermen who are turning out in the early weeks of April for the opening of the trout season. For what Mr. Peck and fellow anglers will find in streams and ponds across the country, see page 71.

APRIL 8, 1957
Volume 6, Number 14

Acknowledgments on page 49

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HANG ON AND PRAY

Victory comes to a doubting jockey in the Grand National. As related from Aintree by WHITNEY TOWER.

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ACKUS MARACKUS AT OHIO

For 20 years Ohio State's divers have ruled their sport. COLES FRINNEY tells how this came to be.

22

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE INDIANS RUN

A look at Cleveland's Kerby Farrell, who believes you can't win by stopping at second. By ROY TERRELL.

33

THE LATEST DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

The Hungarian Olympians complete their coast-to-coast Freedom Tour and record it all in snapshots.

37

WHOOMPH! GOES THE RIDER

A spectator's alert camera records a sensational spill at the Maryland Hunt Club. Two pages IN COLOR.

54

BEN HOGAN'S MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF, PART V

The greatest golfer of our time concludes his lessons with a summary and review.

58

THE TROUT ARE WAITING

As the 1957 season opens, THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER presents a state-by-state survey for the eager angler.

71

PENNANTS ARE WON IN THE SPRING

So said John McGraw; and here FRANK FURBER, one of his great stars, fondly recalls the hard-boiled era.

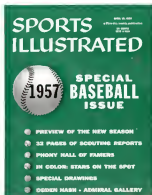
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THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK: THE BASEBALL ISSUE


AN ISSUE TO READ AND REREAD
A REFERENCE TO USE ALL SEASON
RESERVE A COPY IN ADVANCE
SEE YOUR NEWSDEALER
PLAY BALL!



Meet my deputy in charge
of "hoss thieves"!



More gas mileage and performance result from engine deposits that steal horsepower. Pennzoil with Z-7 kills these "hoss thieves." It's The Tough-Film® 1607 Pennsylvania motor oil, blended with permanently active Z-7 to keep your engine powerfully clean for keeps. Ask for Pennzoil with Z-7 by name.

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AND IN CANADA AT  DEALERS



Sound your Z... insist on Pennzoil

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take it from an expert...

Foot-Joy shoes are the greatest
"The Shoe that's Different"



LIEUT. COL. FRANCIS J. ROBERTS

*Graduate manager
of athletes
West Point*



I disagree with Shurt. In basketball you've got to get those rebounds. The really big men do have a great advantage, because to win in basketball, possession is paramount. Maybe an exception could be five Cougars on a team, but you see a Coug in basketball once in a generation.

CARL BRAUN

*New York
Knickerbockers*



Yes. It wouldn't even be a contest. We'd kill them. Most of the small men, up to 6'7", were centers once and can pivot. A team of

George Yardley of Fort Wayne, Paul Arizin of the Warriors and Bill Sharman, Jim Lovett and Bob Cousy of the Celtics, couldn't be beaten. I'd probably be a substitute.

DOLPH SCHAYES

Syracuse Nationals



No. In my estimation, the most important thing in basketball is getting the rebound. The bigger men get the rebounds and then

start the ball toward the other team's basket. The more rebounds a team gets, the more tries they have for the basket. I'd love to play those little guys.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Do you agree with Gene Shue of the Fort Wayne Pistons who says that a basketball team composed of little men up to 6 feet 5 inches could beat a team of tall men 6 feet 5 inches and over?

The question on 12 players, scheduled for this week, has been postponed

BOB COUST



Boston Celtics

Generally, no, but it can happen. Even if we had our choice of players 6 feet 5 and under, we wouldn't stand a chance in a 10-game series. In one game, maybe. Why don't you ask the publisher of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to promote this game annually and start a pension fund for basketball players?

GEORGE VERGARA



Mayor of New Rochelle, N.Y.

I can't go along with Gene Shue. He's a small man like I am, 6'2". I'm an old football end. Today I'd have little chance snaring a pass against a really big end like Harlon Hill of the Chicago Bears. Men under 6 feet 5 inches would be as handicapped in basketball.

BILL HALLORAN



Oakleaf football referee Providence, R.I.

You might be able to assemble one team of very big men that could kick all corners, but that would be all. There's not more than a half-dozen of them playing basketball. The other really big guys are still in the poem stage. Any number of smaller teams could be assembled to beat them.

continued



Warm Appreciation!

Black & White Scotch Whisky has been warmly appreciated by folks throughout the world for generation after generation. That's because its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.6 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS





Standouts!

These French Shrinker Slip-Ons are "shoe-ins" for top honors in the leisure class. Ease into a pair and enjoy the firm-but-flexible feeling of the most comfortable dress casuals you've ever known. Tasteful styling and superb French Shrinker craftsmanship mark them as pace-setters in any field.

Style 424. Black Calf Wave Tassel Slip-On \$22.95

Style 419. Brown Shrinkn Veal Overlay Slip-On \$19.95

Other styles from \$19.95

FRENCH SHRINKER

443 Albany St., Boston 10, Mass.

at our own stores and selected dealers coast to coast

HOTBOX

continued

JOE LAPCHICK



*Basketball coach
St. John's University*

Yes, the small men, including Cousy and Sharman, would prevail over the court and win. This game was going to be played in Boston, but never was. Why doesn't **SENIOR BILL STRATTON** promote it in Madison Square Garden? Red Auerbach, Celtic coach, and I would love to coach the little men.

G. HERBERT McCRACKEN



*Publisher
Scholastic Coach
magazine*

It would be no contest. The team of big men would win easily. Today's big man is highly flexible and agile, with excellent reflexes and fast speed. A team of Cousys couldn't handle **MAURICE STOKES** (6'7"), **McL HUTCHINS** (6'6"), **Ned JOHNSON** (6'8"), **Dolph SCHAYES** (6'8") and **Bob PETTIT** (6'9").

MAURICE STOKES



Rochester Royals

Yes and no. It can happen because, in college, teams made up of small men have often licked the big fellows. But it depends on who the big fellows are. If the best five big men in our league played together, I don't think that any team of players under 6 feet 5 inches could beat them.

A. L. (SHORTY) HARDMAN



*Sports Editor
Charleston, W. Va.,
Gazette*

No. Let's face it. A man of 6'8" used to be a basketball freak. Today he's a well-coordinated, speedy individual with a distinct advantage over the small player. I'll have to disagree with Shur. Height is of the essence, and the big boys will always prevail under the present rules.

NEW ROYAL TRITON



Announcing a new formulation of Royal Triton 10-30 the amazing purple motor oil

Now more than ever before all-weather Royal Triton 10-30 prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of extra miles. Royal Triton 10-30, the all-weather grade of the amazing purple motor oils. Ask for it wherever fine motor oils are sold.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

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Boston: 204 Harvard Ave. • Kansas City, Mo.: 412 W. 47th St. • Dallas: 215 Fidelity Union Life Bldg. • New Orleans: 214 Nat'l Bank of Commerce Bldg.



DAD . . . pack a playground

full of fun into a few square feet of space with a

TETHER BALL

by **SEAMLESS**

All across the country, the popularity of Tether Ball is growing by leaps and bounds—both on school playgrounds and home back yards. It takes so little space, requires so little equipment, yet it's crammed full of fun and exercise. Invites healthy competition, too, for all members of the family.

Unlike other Tether Balls, Tether Balls by SEAMLESS have no hard metal insert to bruise young hands. Complete with rope, they have a strong Nylon rope loop. Waterproof, scuff-resistant, specially constructed to take long, hard use. See Tether Balls by SEAMLESS, now on display at your local Sporting Goods dealer.



ATHLETIC GOODS DIVISION

THE SEAMLESS RUBBER COMPANY

NEW HAVEN 3, CONN., U.S.A.

COMING EVENTS

April 5 through April 14

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

Basketball

Eastern Gladiators vs. College All American, Hershey, Pa.

Boxing

Tommy Anthony vs. Chuck Spense, light heavyweight elimination bout (12 rds.), Detroit, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Dog Trials

Long Island Raceway Field Trial Club, Westhampton Beach, N.Y. (through April 7)

Golf

• The Masters Tournament, Augusta, Ga., Second day (2nd, 3rd & 4th days on TV and radio, 3 p.m. CBS)
• 1964 Annual Midwest Amateur Golf Tournament, French Lick, Ind. (through April 7)

Handball

7th Annual U.S. National Championships, Boston (through April 13)

Tennis

Florida East Coast Junior Championships, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through April 7)

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

Auto Racing

SCCA, Palm Springs Sports Car Races, Palm Springs, Calif. (through April 7)

Basketball

(Exhibition games)
• Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Boston, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Cleveland vs. New York Giants, Houston, 2:30 p.m. (CBS)

Basketball

2nd Annual International Little Guy Basketball Tournament, Fort Gay, Maryland. (Amateur)

Eastern Gladiators vs. College All American, Detroit National Basketball Assn., third game in 7 game series of playoffs, St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis.

Boxing

Service Academies Boxing Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through April 7)

WCLA vs. Southern California, open race, San Diego, Marine, Calif.

Boat Show

Houston Boat Sports & Travel Show, Houston (through April 14)

Boxing

National Men's Bantam Championship, Houston (through April 7)

Horse Racing

Bay Meadows, Derby \$50,000 3 yr. olds, 1 1/4 mi., Bay Meadows, Calif.

Cherry Blossom Handicap, \$10,000 3 yr. olds & up (females & males), 4 1/4 miles, Md.

Piedmont Handicap, \$25,000 3 yr. olds & up, 1 1/4 mi., Colonial Park, Fla.

The South, \$20,000 3 yr. olds, 4 1/4 miles, N.Y.

Shooting

Tulare County Gun Club Trapshoot, Visalia, Calif.

Skating

Northeastern Indoor Speed Skating Championships, Lynn, Mass.

Skating

North American Alpine Championships, Squaw Valley, Calif. (through April 7)

Tennis

Pro-Amateur, Roundball vs. Gonzalez, East Orange, N.J.

Track & Field

Texas Ridge, Austin, Texas
Women's Indoor Meet, Cleveland

SUNDAY, APRIL 7

Basketball

(Exhibition game)
Eastern Gladiators vs. College All American, St. Louis National Basketball Assn., fourth game in 7 game series of playoffs, St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis.

Golf

1st Annual Babe Zaharias Golf Tournament, all Florida courses (through April 14)

Boxing

U.S. Soccer Team vs. Mexico, Mexico City

Tennis

Pro-Amateur, Roundball vs. Gonzalez, Long Beach, N.Y.

MONDAY, APRIL 8

Basketball

Eastern Gladiators vs. College All American, Louisville

continued on page 13

*See last listing.

■ TV ■ COLOR TV ■ NETWORK RADIO
ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED



ROBLEE

The open-collar feeling in leather

The Marino—cool luxury in a business shoe—leather and Roma Silk

You're looking at a pair of stepping-out shoes built to give you stay-at-home comfort from the very first time you slip them on.

They're a slipper-soft moc toe style with Roma Silk, a luxurious new shantung, up front. And

the Marino gives you Roblee's famous "open-collar feeling"—a supple blend of select leather and style that makes them as flexible as your foot.

You really have to feel this

by **ROBLEE** 1395

extraordinary comfort to believe it. So why not slip on a pair to get set for summer? Black and Grey, or Brown and Tan, and all-over Black. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Other Roblee Styles, 12.95 to 18.95
Slightly Higher Canvas Model



This is a **REEVES** *fabric*

May we direct
your attention and
admiration to

Manhattan
PIMASHEEN

WOVEN OF SUPIMA®

For weight...*planissimo!* For looks...*fortissimo!* For quality...*crescendo!* That's why men join in praise of Reeves' Pimasheen. This completely washable luxury broadcloth has a high luster, an incredible strength and a silkier hand because it's woven of Supima, the champagne of cottons. And *Manhattan* has added the Golden Needle accompaniment—maestro tailoring with custom-quality details.

Shirt, \$5.95; Sport Shirt, \$5.00; Pajamas, \$8.95; Undershorts, \$2.50; Pure Silk Tie, \$2.50. See Pimasheen in a variety of colors at your *Manhattan* dealer, *prestissimo*.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

FABRIC BY REEVES BROTHERS, INC. NEW YORK 18

COMING EVENTS

(continued from page 10)

Boxing

- Welter Center vs. Jack La Rue, middleweights (30 rds.)
St. Nick's, New York (10:30 p.m. (Sat))
National AAU Boxing Championships, Boston (through April 10)

Tennis

- Pro matches: Roosevelt vs. Gonzales, Rochester.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9

Baseball

- Boston Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Kansas City, Mo.

Boxing

- Welter Polgysler vs. Rene Valdez, heavyweights (20 rds.)
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10

Baseball

- Marion Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Seattle

Boxing

- Heavy Moore vs. Cal Caddis, heavyweights (10 rds.)
Miami, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Welter Deane vs. Rene Martinez, welterweights (10 rds.)
New Orleans

Horse Racing

- The Preakness, \$25,000 3-yr.-old horses, 5.5 miles, N.Y.

Loosebox

- York vs. Virginia, Durham, N.C.

Tennis

- Pro matches: Roosevelt vs. Gonzales, Cleveland

THURSDAY, APRIL 11

Baseball

- Marion Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Logan, Utah

Boxing

- Out. Island Regatta, Georgetown, Nassau, Bahamas (through April 14)

Boxing

- Women's International Bowling Congress Tournament, Dayton (through May 22)

Golf

- Salt Lake Women's Open, \$1,500, Cotton (through April 14)
- 28th Greater Greenbush Open Golf Tournament, \$15,000
Greensboro, N.C. (through April 14)

Shooting

- French Shoot & Trap Club, Fingert, France, Cold (through April 14)

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

Boxing

- Glenn Sear vs. Ralph Tiger Jones, middleweights (10 rds.)
St. Nick's, New York (10:30 p.m. (NBC))

Track & Field

- Queens Iona Relays, Randall's Island, N.Y.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Late Model Convertible Race, Greenville, S.C.

Baseball

- (Exhibition games)
- Colden vs. Yankees, Yankees (4:30 p.m. (CBS))
- Baltimore vs. Cincinnati, Baltimore (3 p.m. (NBC))

Boxing

- Jerry Givens vs. Roy Carlsen, middleweights (10 rds.)
Cleveland

Horse Racing

- Bucayre Day Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr. olds 1 1/16 m.
Sullivan Park, Pa.
- Champion's Free, \$20,000 3-yr. olds, 5.5 miles, Md.
Robert O'Brien Memorial Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr. olds
A.P. 6.5 miles, Bay Meadows, Calif.
- The Gotham, \$25,000, 3-yr. olds 1 1/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y.

Horse Show

- All American Show, Las Vegas, Nev. (through April 14)

Hunt Racing

- Black Horse Hunt Races, Tappan, N.C.
- Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va.
My Lady's Master Hunt Race, Middleburg, Md.

Loosebox

- Arise vs. Rutgers, West Point, N.Y.
- Johns Hopkins vs. Princeton, Baltimore
- Yale vs. MIT, New Haven, Conn.

Shooting

- Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial and Hamilton Trapshoot
Trenton, N.J. (through April 14)

Shing

- National Veterans Bowls & Station Championships
Soda Springs, Calif. (through April 14)

SUNDAY, APRIL 14

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Grand National Division, Langhorne, Pa.
- NASCAR Late Model Convertible Race, Wilkes, N.C.

Baseball

- Boston Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Denver

*Special Listing

- TV • COLOR TV • NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

**You are Style Honored
in Silk and Lamb's Wool
a Varsity Town Style major
loomed by HOCKANUM**

Let Varsity Town's exclusive, sparkling blend of luxurious Silk and gentle Lamb's Wool bestow on you the glorious feel of style leadership plus light-as-a-whisper comfort. Equally smart to wear now and thru the summer. In refreshing Shadow Stripes, Gala Glens and Cheerful Checks. Trims, Straitly modeled.

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John David, New York
Perks-Chambers, Atlanta
Kaulbach's, Lansing
Goldsmith's, Mansfield
W. S. Barnes, Rockford
Self Stores, Munich
Walsh & Levy, Baton Rouge
The Hub, St. Paulville



The H. A. Seinsheimer Co.
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 8, 1957

HANG ON AND PRAY

The 120-year-old Grand National, world's greatest jumping race, was a triumph for a jockey who didn't quite believe in himself

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE sprawling race course at Aintree, on the outskirts of the factory district of Liverpool, is neither pretty nor fashionable. From the infield it looks at first like a Churchill Downs without a roof and twin spires. There are few comforts: most stand to watch the races, and if anyone dared suggest that an escalator and a few more seats might be in order, he would be considered quite out of his mind. No change has been recommended for years.

Grand National Day last week was a typical one. In place of even a single

ray of sunlight the sky let down a dark, dreary overcast curtain of solid haze. From atop the stands spectators could see—at the most—21 of the 30 jumps. The crowd flowed in and took positions all over the grounds. Many went to the fences, particularly to Becher's Brook and Valentine's Brook, two treacherous obstacles 5 feet high and over 3 feet wide, with water in the ditches on the drop side. Others lined up along the course's only water jump—15 feet wide and 2 feet deep—frightening enough from the stands, purely

and simply murderous from up close.

Half an hour before the race the horses came to the paddock, a square walking ring brightened only by a circular tulip bed in the center. Only now did the real excitement of the day begin. Thirty-five horses walking peacefully around under the gaze of thousands—each animal displaying his name on a quarter-sheet—each looking more massive and beautiful than the next. Big-boned creatures with tremendous muscle, walking in the haze and wondering, perhaps, why all the fuss,



THE BATTLEGROUND AT AINTREE. A SCENE OF WRITHING MEN AND HORSEFLESH AS



THE FIELD OF 35 TOOK THE FIRST JUMP IN LAST WEEK'S GRAND NATIONAL. ONLY 13 MANAGED TO FINISH THE MURDEROUS 4½-MILE COURSE

why the intent faces, why the growing excitement. Then, finally, the entrance of the jockeys for a last-minute conference with owners and trainers. Many riders wore their overcoats or raincoats to the paddock as a brisk wind and mild drizzle set in.

The big moment drew near. A scurry now back to position in the stands, and then—even if you didn't know one horse from the other or had never seen them before—a completely swept-away feeling of deep emotion as the horses came one by one onto the track. Each

was proudly led by his head lad as the rider sat stiffly upright looking out upon a tidal wave of humanity come to watch the jumping spectacle of all time. Past the stands they walked—slowly and majestically—35 horses in a row. High in the stands a lady neatly tailored in tweeds turned to a companion: "Aren't they beautiful and lovely? I almost feel like crying when you think that in a few minutes some of them might be dead or frightfully hashed up." She cried.

A few hundred yards past the stands

the parade halted. Each horse wheeled gracefully and cantered down the line to the starting post. As they lined up, the 35 jockeys almost knee to knee, the white flag went up and an unemotional, explicitly clear loudspeaker voice broke the tension while at the same time propelling a new wave of excitement: "They are under starter's orders." Every field glass went into focus. Not a word was said. Maybe 150,000 people standing—ready—and waiting. And dead silence. In Lord

continued

HANG ON AND PRAY

continued

Sefton's private box the American owner, Raymond Guest, standing beside Ambassador John Hay (Jock) Whitney, leveled his glasses on his 8-year-old gelding Virginus, and as he did the harrier flew up and 35 horses sprang away to meet the test.

A thundering horde stampeded an eighth of a mile on the flat to the first fence. Britain's champion jumping jockey, Fred Winter, and his 20-to-1 shot, Sundew, were in the first flight. Raymond Guest found Virginus as the charging wave of horses took the jump. All but three bobbed up on the other side. One of the three that went down was Virginus. Raymond Guest looked carefully again to make sure it

was his horse. It was. He turned away, dropped his glasses. "It's a hell of a long run for a short slide," he said, and then went back to watching.

Sundew, an 11-year-old chestnut gelding, ran his own race in his own sweet time. At the fourth fence Armorial III, the leader up to that time, went down, and Sundew took over to do things his way—jumping unlike a great horse but popping over everything in sight and running on without the complication of any interference. Winter looked around him, and as the challengers went down one by one he might have become confident. But he didn't. Over the 15-foot water jump, and Sundew nearly had it. He caught himself and struggled on. "As we started the second time round," said Winter, "I never thought we'd do it. My

horse wasn't jumping properly, and I kept thinking he was going to fold up on me if we ever had a serious challenge." The challenge came as they went into Valentine's the second time. Athenian ranged up to head the leader, but before Fred Winter could ready himself for a real duel the threat was over. Athenian went down, and Sundew was virtually home free. But even after crossing the last fence, Winter wasn't sure. "I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't," he said.

Sundew was rolling at the finish and could barely make it back to the unsaddling enclosure, where he stood panting and steaming while his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kohn, gathered around. "You know," a friend reminded Fred Winter, "that horse was up for sale two weeks ago for

TIGHTLY PACKED HORSE PLAYERS WATCH BOON-MAKERS' SLATES FOR FLUCTUATIONS IN ODDS. FEW HAD SEATS AT UNCOMFORTABLE, ARCHADE



\$10,000, but there were no takers. Now you're both more famous than ever." Winter started peeling off his clothes in the weighing room by the fire. "I don't know about being more famous," he replied with a smile, "but I do know we were bloody lucky. Yes, sir, bloody lucky, that's what you've got to be to win the National." He looked about him for a waiter. "Say," he said, "I think it's about time we had a little champagne, don't you?"

This was a Grand National relatively without incident (although 24 horses fell), considering that since its inception at Liverpool in 1837 this event has provided just about every imaginable race course drama. More than once riders, like brave soldiers with a silent and yet mutual feeling

continued



IMPROMPTU CHAMPAGNE TABLE IS SET UP BY EARLY ARRIVALS ON GRAND NATIONAL DAY

TRACK, AND EVER FEWER SAW THE RACE



AGGRESSIVE TIPSTER HAWKS WINNERS. SPECTATOR (BELOW) SEEKS BRACER IN SUITCASE



SOME AMERICANS SMILED, TOO—BEFORE TAXES



IRISH GRAND NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS (LEFT TO RIGHT): NEW JERSEY WAITER ERNEST NULLY (3544,000), CALIFORNIANS LAURA BLOOM

HANG ON AND PRAY

continued

of desperation, have helped each other stay seated on dead-tired but equally brave horses. And only a year ago came what was probably the National's everlasting moment of tragedy. Devon Loch, carrying the colors of the Queen Mother, cleared the 39th and last fence of this terrifying course of 4 miles and 856 yards with a long lead. As his jockey, Dick Francis, steered him toward the winning post just 495 yards away, the crowd of 200,000 doffed hats and roared a royal salute—as did millions of fellow Brits throughout the Empire—but abruptly, with barely 100 yards to go, Devon Loch's stamina gave out and he col-

lapsed directly in front of the stands. When Rider Francis got down and wept unashamedly a good part of the racing world felt like weeping with him.

There is no American counterpart to the Grand National, for steeplechasing is dwindling every year in the United States, whereas the jumping program of the National hunt is a major and integral part of the English racing calendar. British racegoers know—and study—form on jumpers with the same devout enthusiasm which they give to flat racers. Few of them agree on just what it is that constitutes a jumping champion, but everyone will concede that in the Grand National the element of pure chance plays the primary role. Favorites rarely win. The best horse does not always win. Loose horses run

about causing havoc all over the course. But to win you must have a dead-fit horse running for you. He must be fit, yes, but he must be a good jumper, because the Aintree obstacles are tough.

When you walk the course you do so in amazement—in utter disbelief that any creature could safely navigate over two miles of country and 16 fences—most of them sturdy thorn, 5 feet tall with virtually no give to them—and then start in on the same horrifying procedure all over again.

There has always been plenty of argument about just what ingredients (aside from sheer luck) go into the making of a Grand National-winning combination. In the early days of steeplechasing, it was commonly believed that any good man to hounds was your best bet in a race because he would know his horse, would be capable of picking his jumping spots, was a qualified judge of pace and usually knew the country over which he was riding. Even today the hunting people of England—and there are many of them—would find little fault with the advice given by an old trainer back in 1883 to Count Charles Kinsky (who won the Grand National with his own mare Zeeolone): "Ride just as if you were out hunting the first time around. After that, and not before, you may begin to look about you and see what the others are doing."

That was the long-held, traditional view of the fox-hunting school. Last week in Liverpool, however, there was at least one young man who wasn't willing to accept that advice. His name was Fred Winter, the champion jumping jockey of all England, a determined man with a serious look about him and all the poise of a great professional. Thursday at the dinner dance before

SURPRISED BUT HAPPY FRED WINTER RETURNS SUNDOWN TO AINTREE'S WINNER'S ENCLOSURE





AND VICTOR SIMEON (\$10,000 EACH), DETROIT GRANDMOTHER LOUISE O'DONNELL AND NAUTIAN LAMIER JOSEPH GUILLAUME (\$10,000 EACH)

the race, Fred Winter expressed a more modern outlook: "I really think we professionals have the edge. Not for our riding ability, but because we have to appreciate the importance of speed. The fox hunter may know everything there is to know about his horse and his fences, but he never has to go as fast as his horse will carry him. The only way to learn about jumping races is to ride in them for experience gained by running at fast speeds."

WHY GO TO BED?

Fred Winter, a handsome man of 30 years weight 135, height 5 feet 4 inches) was relaxed and enjoying himself the night before the big race. He sipped steadily on a glass of champagne till after midnight and told his friends proudly how he had—only six weeks ago—become the father of twin daughters. "I'm riding a horse tomorrow called Sundew," he said. "I've ridden him twice before in it, and both times we went down. I'm not particularly on edge because I frankly don't think we have much of a chance. And if you're wondering why I'm not in bed long ago, just what's the point in going to bed and thinking about the race? I prefer the party!"

He was asked if he was nervous. "I think a jockey is nervous before any race whether he shows it or not," was the champion's reply. "Probably more so in the Grand National than in most races. You realize that if you have a fall you could be hurt—and possibly badly hurt. But you also realize that if you don't fall you might actually be the winner! I'm not particularly bothered by either thought at the moment because Sundew just doesn't appear to be a horse that can go that far." Win-

ter looked around meditatively at the swirling figures on the ballroom floor of the Hotel Adelphi. "I'm going to try something different with my horse this time. He's a big horse, 17 hands 2, and with a tremendous stride. Most horses with big strides sail off the ground in a long, wide arc, but Sundew is different. He goes in close to his fences and just pops over, like a little horse would. He likes to run in front, too. There's no holding him, and the more I see him the more convinced I am that he's got to have things his own way or not at all. Before, I've tried to make the horse jump the way I wanted him to, but I think it's time for a change. In tomorrow's National I'm going to let Sundew run his own race. All I'll worry about is hanging on!"

The next afternoon Fred duly hung on, and thereby registered the greatest triumph of his career. It was his first National, and a most unusual one, too. It has never before happened in modern times that a horse which has twice failed in this race should come back and win it at the third try.

Mrs. Geoffrey Kohn must have felt that fate had reserved special compensation for her. She was an original part-owner of last year's National winner, E.S.B., but relinquished her share to a friend and neighbor before that horse's sensational success. Her coming back this year to win the race is a coincidence, as is pointed out by the *Sporting Life*, the bible of British horsemen, which is "more like a film script than sober fact."

END

LUCKIER THAN LAST YEAR MRS. GEOFFREY KOHN GRATEFULLY KISSES 15-YEAR-OLD VICTOR





BEFOREHAND, ARCARO GAVE MR. FITZ HIS THEORY OF THE RACE. WHILE JONES (RIGHT) SET HIS STRATEGY WITH JOCKEYS ERB AND HARTACK

ARCARO IN THE MIDDLE

ON HOME SHORES, the race of the week—and as many a racing fan thought, of many weeks—was the mile-and-an-eighth Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. Odds-on favorite was the Wheatley Stable's Bold Ruler, last year's king of the 2-year-olds (SI, Dec. 10), trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and ridden by Eddie Arcaro. But out to beat the favorite was Calumet Farm's one-two team of Gen.

Duke and Iron Liege, trained by Jimmy Jones and ridden by Willie Hartack and Dave Erb. In flanking tandem, the Calumet colts tested Bold Ruler down the stretch. "I looked over one shoulder," said Arcaro wryly, "and there came Iron Liege; I looked over the other and there came the Duke." As the unusual picture on the opposite page shows, he and Bold Ruler did well to finish second (see page 57).

WINNER'S CIRCLE GROUPS TRIUMPHANT GEN. DUKE, HARTACK AND JONES IN A TABLEAU THAT COULD BE PROPHETIC OF LOUISVILLE THIS MAY





YARDS FROM THE FINISH of Florida Derby, the Big Three of this winter's 3-year-old crop roar down the barrowed stretch of Gulfstream Park—with favored Bold Ruler, Arearo up, flanked

by Calumet's Iron Liege (left, Erb up) and Gen. Duke (Hartack up). Bold Ruler, who followed the fast pace set by Federal Hill for a mile, was unable to hold off Gen. Duke in the stretch.

ACKUS MARACKUS AT

In his own choice words, Coach Mike Peppe protests a harsh rule that robbed his divers of NCAA titles but won't keep them from winning the Nationals this week

MANY YEARS ago, when footballs were almost round and shortstops wore mustaches, men argued as fiercely as they do today about what college was best in what sport. In that day the arguments seldom included swimming: before World War I there were simply no swimming teams or kings worth defending or knocking. Then along came Yale, followed by Michigan and Ohio State. Today a swimming debate among real believers can be lively, as long as it skirts the special art of diving, for at this point defenders of Yale and Michigan will fall silent and may, in fact, become morose. The divers of Ohio State are better than anybody.

To take the facts coldly from the record book, in the past 20 years the springboard divers of Ohio State have won 79 national titles. Everybody else has won 21.

A championship record of 79 wins and 21 losses is the sort of percentage many colleges have sought in other sports by swinging the ax at a succession of coaches. Ohio State's diving supremacy has been achieved by leaving the coach's head alone. The University started competitive swimming in 1931 with a 32-year-old coach named Michael Peppe, an eager, compactly built all-round athlete who stood 5 feet 4 inches with his head on. Mike Peppe is still coach, he still has his head but not much hair, he is still fairly compact, but shaped now at age 59 a bit more like a barrel. Because his present duties entail more than coaching, he now ranks as professor and rates the proper fancy title Director of Swimming. The title is academic at this point. He has long ranked high as a swimming coach and in a class by himself as diving master of the world.

A master of a sport as precise as diving might be expected to have some qualities of an Old World fencing maestro—a flinty eye, the taut nerves of a cat, a cavalier flair and a temper that can blow higher than a Roman candle.

Mike Peppe has quick moments, but his eyes are a soft mahogany, and his mien and pace are usually that of a Newfoundland dog. In a tough season he behaves like a man who will live through the next 20 years if his divers lose everything except their trunks.

Beyond his years of experience, other coaches pick two things that perhaps serve Peppe best: firstly, a seldom obvious but deep love of perfection, which he never achieved himself as an uncoached diver 40 years ago; secondly, a remarkably quick eye to spot the hidden, split-second error that is marring a near-perfect dive. Joe Hewlett, the Ohio coach of gymnastics, a sport with some affinity to diving, has a point to add. "Peppe doesn't over-coach," Hewlett remarked recently. "The fault of most of us today is over-coaching. When a coach keeps saying 'Do this,' where does a boy get insight into his ability? You'll see Peppe going over fundamentals with his best divers one day, then you'll see him leaving the kids to coach each other, so they beat their brains out and get some insight into diving."

Rival coaches think well of Peppe but wish him less success—starting as soon as possible. None of them likes to send a team to the collegiate championships knowing Ohio State has 20 to 30 points for sure in diving. It is reasonable to expect that Ohio State's diving strength will diminish. For one thing, some of Mike Peppe's divers are now coaching elsewhere, notably 1948 Olympic Champion Bruce Harlan at Michigan. But there is no sign of decline yet. In fact, it has been less than a year since Ohio State made its greatest show of strength in a single competition, and that showing was a corker.

Because it came just two weeks before the Olympic trials, the National Outdoor championship at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio last July naturally attracted a large field. Dartmouth Coach Karl Michael, who served as Olympic coach,

considered it the finest field ever. There were 40 competitors—28 who had not gone to Ohio State and 12 who had. When the field was cut to 12 for the finals, there were nine Ohio States left. Bob Clotworthy, Ohio State, class of '53, won; the other five medal winners were Don Harper, Glen Whitten, Jerry Harrison, Miller Anderson and Morley Shapiro, all undergrads or grads of Ohio State. Remembering that picture editors do not care much for boy divers, to make the picture of the diving winners more palatable the local junior chamber of commerce brought on two bathing-suit cuties to pose with the boys. While the girls kissed the boys, and cameras snapped, someone realized Ohio State had made a six-man sweep. The cry went up, "Get Mike Peppe for a picture." Peppe was close at hand, merely hidden by taller men. While the photographers fired away at him, Peppe stood submissively, face somewhat red from sun and possibly embarrassment, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, looking out of the top of his eyes so he seemed shorter than he is. The total effect of the diving master at this grand moment was that of Walt Disney's bashful dwarf meeting Snow White for the first time.

TRIUMPH AT MELBOURNE

Olympic Coach Karl Michael waved a hand at the posed array of diving talent. "Right now," Michael said, "I'd take any three of Peppe's boys for the team." As it turned out, Coach Michael got three of them. Bob Clotworthy won the gold medal at Melbourne; Harper took second, and Glen Whitten, going for broke with two tough dives, munched both slightly and came fourth.

In the daily run of things, Mike Peppe is not a bashful man; he merely does not bark well in limelight. And as the sports world knows, the football city of Columbus, Ohio, surrounding the university campus, is a poor place

OHIO

by COLES PHINIZY

for basking for anyone not aiming for the Rose Bowl. A fancy diver doing three somersaults out of a downtown window into High Street would get some notice, but a good quarterback would probably rate as much if he got a foot stuck in the water pail.

Football is the big thing, but the athletic garden at Ohio State is a large one, so other sports flourish. Rival nations have been studying Peppe's divers for some time, yet have not come up with a man better at the Olympics (Skippy Browning of Texas, who won the 1952 Olympic title from Miller Anderson, then, sadly, died in a plane crash last year, was the only diver who consistently topped Ohio Staters in the past 10 years). The fact that the best divers in the world compete in Columbus and rarely attract 500 off-campus customers does not bother Peppe. He is fairly famous around town. On the street, friends and strangers often stop him to ask how the football team is shaping up. There are, of course, among his friends some odd ones who follow swimming and tout prospects. Marine Captain Dick McCutchen, who won a bundle for his smart cooking answers on the \$64,000 quiz, often officiates at meets. In the lounge of the Scioto Country Club, Senator John Bricker (R., Ohio), his eyes shining like the gold key dangling from his watch chain, reports to Mike that the son of Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) is a hot swimming prospect. Insurance Executive Allen Hale has been known to say aloud in the country club that swimming is more fun to watch than golf or football—and people around Columbus still like Allen Hale.

Without intending it, the Ohio State football giant fetched Peppe and his divers a mean wallop this winter. Last year Ohio State football was judged to have violated the conference code. Instead of penalizing the offending sport, Big Ten officialdom named all Ohio State teams from collegiate champion-



WITH SOME 48 YEARS OF COACHING BEHIND HIM, MIKE PEPPE AT AGE 33 IS READY FOR ANOTHER 48

ships—a weird bit of justice, like outlawing wood chopping because someone used an ax on mother. Accordingly Ohio State last weekend could not defend its team title and diving titles at the University of North Carolina (for lack of swimming depth, Ohio would doubtless have lost the team title anyway). This unjust ruling rankles Peppe, and he throws at it the phrase with which he scores all petty officialdom. "That ruling," he says, "is so much 'arkus marackus.'" Unless more arkus marackus pops up, this week at the National Amateur Indoor

Championships in Daytona Beach, Divers Don Harper, Glen Whitten and Ron O'Brien should re-establish Ohio State supremacy.

The best way to see how the art reached its advanced state at Ohio is to take a quick plunge into diving history and find where Peppe fitted into it. Before 1900 the U.S. reputation was one of jumping off high bridges. The gymnastically inclined Swedes and Germans were better at acrobatic diving. The English wrote books about it, some terrible indeed. About 70 years

continued

OHIO STATE DIVING

continued

ago in a fumbling treatise Henry Sinclair, Honorable Secretary of British Life Savers, pronounced—not noticing the adept Swedes and Germans—that there were three dives: a "header," a "foot first" and a "sitting jump" (under the name "cannon ball" this dive is still practiced by swimming pool botes today). Further along, discussing how to eat cake and smoke a cigar underwater, Sinclair mentions that "a single somersault in the air is possible," hut, without suggesting how, he strikes his tent and moves on. In 1899 Captain Davis Dalton, famous for having swum the Channel on his back, recommended that a diver learn by having two friends heave up on his ankles at the moment of plunge. This mastered, then there is nothing finer than a flight from a springboard. "The knack," Captain Davis reports, "is to pull yourself together in the air, turn head downward, straighten out, balance yourself, and enter the water without making a sound louder than 'chug.'"

In assessing his former coach, Jim Patterson, who won the first national title for Ohio State in 1937, attributes Mike Peppe's success to the fact that he stresses fundamentals and has developed himself as a coach at a pace equal to his divers' talents. Such gropes as Captain Dalton made no impact on the art because they were greatly deficient in these respects: they had no idea of true fundamentals and were, in fact, way behind what divers were actually doing. While people were still reading Captain Dalton's advice that no diver should venture higher than 30 feet, a Columbus, Ohio youngster, Mike Peppe, was taking off the girders of the old Fifth Avenue bridge and rocketing 40 feet into the Olentangy River. The only trick to it, Peppe recalls, was to miss the phone wires. When Captain Dalton's son, in a revised book, was admitting a full somersault possible, young Peppe and many others were doing $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersaults with half twist.

The sport needed someone to lay down fundamentals and give the art some direction. Even if he had been inclined to concentrate on diving then, Mike Peppe would scarcely have had time. As it was he really did not have a boyhood. To scratch up money he was a sports teacher while still a high school learner. For 15 years, as YMCA leader, schoolteacher and camp coach, he made his way in many sports, taking a full year here and spare hours there to

get, finally, a diploma from Ohio State and a master's degree from Columbia.

In the early '20s, the U.S. collegiate rule book listed over 20 dives but was fairly vague as to just what was expected of a diver beyond going as high as possible, executing required movements and entering the water cleanly (in that day, the diver's entry was not necessarily vertical, and judges were advised to be tolerant of heavier men). The advice of the day was very vague on how to leave the board. The man who set the art right was a Swede, Ernest Brandsten, coach at Stanford University, who supplied a number of divers to U.S. Olympic teams. Brandsten laid down the basic law: if the hurdle (the final, high jumping step the diver takes to press the board and get his lift) is not perfect, the dive cannot be perfect. Brandsten first set up diving boards over sand pits, so divers could work for hours perfecting board technique and eliminate the drudge of climbing out of water. As Brandsten saw it, a dive was not a series of different movements but a beautiful flow through the hurdle to the top, then a drop out into a smooth entry. It is extreme dedication to and improvements on Brandsten's tenets that make diving a fine art at Ohio State. Under Peppe, a six-time champion who falters in a hurdle goes back to the sand pit.

PERFECTION OFF THE BOARD

A spectator watching Ohio States can get some sense of this perfection in fundamentals by blocking out the actual aerial action with his hand and noting only the run, jump, press and lift from the board. An Ohio diver, to

oversimplify colloquially, is in the groove from the start.

There are errors a champion can make beyond the board. He can, for one thing, merely forget. The reverse pike dive which Bob Clotworthy is pictured doing on pages 26 and 27 helped him win the Olympic title. Earlier at the Olympic trials it nearly cost him a place on the team. At the top of the dive, instead of bending in a pike, he forgot and tucked. As it happened, in the tension, almost everyone muffed a few, and Clotworthy squeezed on the team as third man. In this day when men can get $3\frac{1}{2}$ somersaults, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersaults and $2\frac{1}{2}$ twists, into their flight from a three-meter board, a diver may often "lose" himself and hit flat with a horrid splash that hurts. At the London Games in the platform dive, Miller Anderson, two-time silver-medal winner from the springboard, struck his feet on the platform, lost himself in the 33-foot fall, threw his head back instead of forward. He came up spitting blood.

Some speculate that at $2\frac{1}{2}$ twists and $3\frac{1}{2}$ somersaults, diving has just about reached its limit. Remembering when officials wanted to rule out anything more than two somersaults as impossibly dangerous, Peppe feels even tougher dives will be done in the future. He also acknowledges the possibility that some of the future stars may not be from Ohio State. "I see where my old diver Bruce Harlan at Michigan gives Ohio State a year more on top," Peppe has said. "He's possibly right. We have never really aimed for anything except perfection, and if we keep after that, I don't really see anything to worry about."

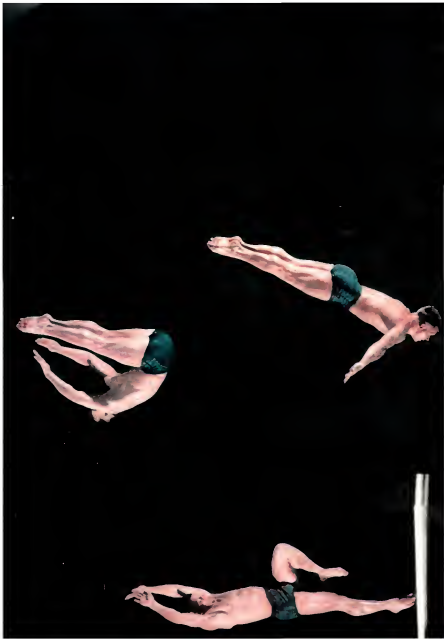
SPECTACLE

AN APT PUPIL BECOMES A MASTER

In the picture opposite, plying muscles trained in 15 years of work, Olympic Champion Bob Clotworthy starts his lift into a back dive. A medal winner in two Olympics, Clotworthy has turned down several job offers in favor of coaching. Clotworthy's coach, Mike Peppe, predicts Bob will be a great diving master because he has both enthusiasm and ability. Clotworthy's success as a teacher is a question for the future; his ability is demonstrated on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN AND RICHARD WEX







SEQUENCE PICTURE SHOWS CLOTWORTHY AS HE MOVES THROUGH EACH OF THE FOUR CRITICAL PHASES OF A PERFECT REVERSE PIKE DIVE



AS SEEN FROM BELOW, PERFECT ENTRY BY CLOTWORTHY CUTS SHEER HOLE IN WATER SURFACE

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

STATE OF THE NATION • MAIL CALL • A YANK LOOK AT
OXFORD • THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY • SHORT TRIP TO A
NEW WORLD • AN ATHLETE IN THE WORLD OF FREEDOM

CONVERSATION, U.S.A.

JUDGES, HOUSEWIVES, burglars and nursery school tots have been borrowing from the abrasive lexicon of sport for so these many years, but last week a leather-junged baseball fan in Los Angeles was impelled to borrow a phrase from U.S. Senate Room 318. As Red Sox Outfielder Jimmy Piersall wheeled to glare at a set of noisily critics in the center field bleachers, a countercry rose from the box seats. "Don't answer 'em, Jimmy," the voice implored. "Stand on the Fifth Amendment!" Dave Beck's sprained treasury was no doubt of greater concern to the country last week than Mickey Mantle's sprained foot, but some of the reaction to Beck took an oddly revealing form. Dave was hanged in effigy, just like a losing football coach.

From West Texas up along the Great Plains to Canada the great spring blizzard of 1957 was the dominant topic of conversation. Judge John A. Mullen of Manhattan General Sessions stubbornly insisted, amid a gale of argument from psychiatrists, that New York's Mad Bomber (a fellow who spent 16 years leaving dynamite in railroad stations and theaters) wasn't mad at all and should stand trial for his crimes. Texas had an insurance scandal. It was a big week in the big world outside the ball parks and gyms and golf courses, all right. But the pervading influence of sport in American life was curiously dramatized as a result—amid the rumble of larger events, millions went right on reacting to spring training, hockey, horse racing and even curling.

As San Francisco swept up after the biggest earthquake since 1906, its citizenry could not refrain from noting, with a certain pleased incredulosity,

that 20,000 of them had crowded Seale Stadium on the very night of the big shake to watch Ted Williams swing a bat in a pre-season baseball game. President Eisenhower seemed closer to his personal flash point last week than at any time since the campaign when Reporter William McGuffin suggested, at the weekly White House press conference, that Ike was preparing to use Air Force helicopters for trips to the golf course—as why shouldn't he? The astounding influence of high school basketball everywhere was reflected in Indianapolis when Athletic Commissioner L. V. Phillips reported that 1,225,966 people had attended championship games in his Indiana alone.

Two Princeton freshmen resolved to dribble a soccer ball one hundred miles from Nassau Hall to the Biltmore Hotel in New York and back in May. And,

in Chicago, Elvis Presley—tastefully garbed in browns with 24-carat gold shoes—confided to reporters that he has always wanted to play end for Ole Miss. "I used to eat and sleep football," he said. "I love it. Oh, every minute of it." Shortly thereafter at the International Amphitheater 13,000 teenagers screamed happily at him—called him, one might say, for having his backfield in motion.

A GAME OF POST OFFICE

THE IRISH, they say, are impractical. On their green island, under their gray sky, they do little but cling to their old ways, talk incessantly, drink stout and dream. Well, that's what some people say; but this view fails to account for the Irish Sweepstakes, a

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Happy Duke, Sad Knight

Calumet Farm's one-two team of Gen. Duke and Iron Liege established themselves as the entry to beat in the Kentucky Derby when Gen. Duke outran Bold Ruler in the Florida Derby stretch, with Iron Liege third. The Kentucky Derby field, meanwhile, was diminished by one when the Santa Anita Derby winner, the Washington State colt Sir William, broke down in a sprint.

• Gunpe Called Taxes?

The Kansas City A's will either have to move or quit rebuilding, said Owner Arnold Johnson when threatened with a 3½% city tax on admissions. As the city council considered, indignant citizens backed Johnson's stand.

• Revolution in Massachusetts

The University of Massachusetts is starting a program of athletic re-emphasis, says President J. Paul Mather, adding, "I have had all the apathy I can stomach." Elsewhere, Harvard President Dr. Nathan Pusey expressed a somewhat cooler viewpoint: "If they [athletes] can qualify for a scholarship scholastically, we certainly won't penalize them because they can play football."

• Faded Red Menace

Alf Rubin, a knowledgeable Cockney who handicaps races for the London Daily Worker as Cayton (84, April 23, 1955), missed badly on the Grand National. His choice, Red Menace (33 to 1), fell at the 16th jump.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

wonderfully practical device by which the Irish sell dreams to the rest of the world for some \$30 million a year.

A great deal of this money—perhaps as much as 65%, of it—comes from the U.S. (Only the sweepstakes people themselves know the actual figure, and they won't tell.) Since our postal laws bar the use of the mails for lotteries, it is very clever of the Irish to get so many sweepstakes tickets into, and so many dollars out of, the country every



year. But they do it; and, while they do some of it with the help of travelers and merchant seamen who smuggle the tickets in among their possessions, they do most of it by mail.

When the post office suspects that a letter contains a book of sweepstakes tickets, they stamp the envelope "Supposed to Contain Matter Prohibited Importation" and invite the addressee to come in and open it in the presence of a postal inspector. If the letter does contain tickets, the addressee can raise his eyes piously to the ceiling and declare that he never ordered any tickets and can't think what this total stranger meant by sending them to him. And that's that, as far as the addressee is concerned.

But the post office can confiscate the tickets and with them the message which invites the addressee to keep two tickets, sell 10 and send the money to a certain person in Ireland. The name and address of this Certain Person go on the post office fraud list, and any mail addressed to him thereafter is returned to the sender.

There are a great many of these Certain Persons in Ireland, and each of them is responsible for receiving the money from the sale of thousands of books of tickets. The post office doesn't know whether the Persons are real or merely mailboxes set up by the sweepstakes people for their own convenience. In any case they change rapidly—as soon as the post office stops the flow of money to one Person, another one is appointed (or invented), and people over here begin to get new tickets and invitations to send their money to him.

So it goes; and everybody has fun except the United States Post Office, which is rueful but resigned. An offi-

cial admits that the post office efforts amount to little more than shoring water upstream. Still, "If we were not as successful as we are," he says, "I think we'd almost be overrun with those books of tickets."

The people who have the most fun are those who win. In New York last Friday, a 35-year-old telephone company clerk named Mary Lyons trembled with excitement as she waited for the Grand National to be run in Aintree, England. She held a 83 ticket which, in Dublin a week earlier, had been drawn on a 20-to-1 shot named Sundew. Sundew, of course, won the Grand National, and Miss Lyons won \$140,000 and 13 marriage proposals. "I'm walking on air," she said. "I'm numb." In Pittsfield, Mass., Lawrence E. Palmer, 42, who owns a variety store and bought a sweepstakes ticket just to keep a customer's good will, won \$28,000 with it. In Los Angeles, three employees of the Cotton Belt Railroad who had pooled their money to buy a single ticket won \$2,569. And that is why, of course, the Irish are so successful at selling moonbeams. Some of them turn out to be thunderbolts.

DOWN THE REBELS

EIGHT-OARED CREWS at Oxford and Cambridge have rowed with an exaggerated layback—as boat crews of the Royal Navy did in the days of fixed seats—for more than a hundred years. It is a dramatic but exhausting style—the shoulders of the oarsmen seem almost to touch the legs of the men behind them at the end of each stroke, and they must then raise the weight of their upper bodies back to a sitting position and lean far forward to dip their oars again. The sliding seat has long since eliminated the need for this man-killing motion, since it allows the stroke to be finished by driving the legs rather than using the back. But, though U.S. college crews have been almost upright at the end of the stroke for decades, the English stubbornly refused to tamper with tradition. This spring, however, amid cries of horror from Old Blues, the Oxford crew began rowing "like the damned Americans."

The rowing revolution at Oxford, like most revolts, did not occur without a background of privation—in the 25 years between 1931 and 1956, Oxford lost the annual boat race to Cambridge 20 times, two years ago by a degrading 16 lengths. Neither did it occur without the appearance of a George Washington—in this case a big, irascible Australian student named

Rod Carnegie. As president of the Oxford University Boat Club, Carnegie was in full command of rowing, and he made sweeping changes. "The English," he brashly announced, "Look on rowing as an art, but I believe there are some scientific principles you must use." He ordered a new boat with long slides, new, shorter oars with bigger blades, and, with the fascinated approval of his mates on the crew, converted to the style which had made the U.S. and Australia so powerful in the Olympic Games. Two coaches quit; one day Oxford's oarsmen had to row 17 miles up the Thames to meet an Old Blue who would consent to work with them. But they rowed splendid time trials.

By the eve of last week's race with Cambridge, the Oxford eight was overwhelmingly favored. The most indignant of the traditionalists seemed subdued, and experts predicted a complete revolution of English rowing would follow the innovators' certain victory. At the start of the race, watched by an enormous crowd along the Thames, Oxford ran true to form and had a lead of almost a length at the mile. But then—a disaster. Oxford's No. 5 oar, a 196-pound powerhouse named Peter Barnard, stiffened up until he could not pull, until he could barely move back and forth to preserve the rhythm in the boat.

Cambridge went ahead and stayed there, although they won by but two lengths in 19:1. Said Carnegie fiercely: "We had the race in the bag." But he was scarcely heard amidst the clamor of the traditionalists. The most curious quote of the day came from an American—ex-Harvard Coxswain Bob Milton who steered the Cambridge boat: "Today's race was a vindication of orthodox British rowing methods against the new American style."

TALL PROBLEM

WHEN the East All-Stars ended the college basketball season by whipping the West 73-63 in Madison Square Garden the other day, they demonstrated again an old adage and a fairly recent basketball problem: a good big man is better than a good little man. In the case of East vs. West, the East used two good big men and three good little men in the second half while the West stuck stubbornly to a 1-to-4 ratio, and the East came from far behind to win easily.

A week earlier, a small, immensely industrious Memphis State team lost to tall Bradley (83-84) in the finals of

continued



"You'll find out anyway, so I might as well tell you right now. I'm not a good guide—I'm not even an Indian."

DeMunn

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

the National Invitation Tournament. "The kids jumped two inches higher than they can," said the Memphis State coach, Bob Vanatta, in explaining how his terriers stayed close. Only North Carolina's national champions found an answer to the high and the mighty, and that by only one point in three overtimes as they beat Kansas and 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain for the NCAA championship.

The basketball coaches tried once more, as the season ended, to inhibit by rules the tremendous advantage of the super-tall man, but it seems unlikely, unless they legislate the 7-footer off the court entirely, that they can ever overcome the advantage implicit in a Chamberlain.

Somewhere a coach suggested that the game be changed so that each team would circle the basket at its own end of the court and shoot steadily throughout the game with an adding machine to keep score. This would undoubtedly cancel the advantage of height, though the resulting game could hardly be called old-fashioned basketball. Another solution offered was the classification of teams by height, much as boxers are classified by weight—6-foot-and-unders, 6-foot-4s, 6-foot-6s, etc. Such thoughts, naturally, only deepened the gloom of basketball's heavy thinkers.

Meanwhile, in Columbus, Ohio a young man named Jerry Lucas has turned up to prove that the problem will be a continuing one. Lucas, a 17-year-old junior, scored 28 points as Middletown High School won the Class AA Ohio championship. He was a 6-foot-7 sophomore last year, a 6-foot-9 junior this, and doctors have advised the family he has some growing left. He will be a college sophomore the year after Chamberlain graduates and, if he continues to grow at the same rate (two inches a year for the last three years), he will be 7 feet 3 inches tall.

In a world straining with all sorts of problems, it is a disturbing thought—until you remember how North Carolina took Wilt the Stilt & Co.

FORMERLY WITH THE YANKEES

JOE COLLINS, playing right field in an intersquad game at the Yankees' training camp in St. Petersburg, was the first to recognize the slight figure of the man leaning against the wire fence.

"Hey, Casey," Joe called to Manager Stengel, sprawled in the grass

along the foul line, "Isn't that Phil Rizzuto over there?"

Casey turned and squinted briefly at the former Yankee shortstop, released as an active player last year and rehired as a radio and television announcer this spring. "Yeah," said Casey. "I guess it is, at that."

"Hey, Phil," Collins yelled. "How's the family?"

Phil's answer was partially lost in the breeze blowing his way, but there was something in it about his children having the measles.

Just then, a hitter sent a high fly to right, and Collins let it fall safely.

"I just misjudged it, Case," he called to the reclining figure on the foul line.

"No, you didn't," Casey barked. "You were too busy jawin' to Rizzuto about his kids havin' the measles. Pay attention to the game and don't be worryin' about who's got measles."

Rizzuto must have heard that, for he turned and walked all the way around the wire fence to left field. Later, he showed up in the clubhouse for his first visit with his old teammates. He stopped in front of Jerry Lumpe, one of the several candidates for Phil's old job at short.

"How you doing, Jerry?" Phil asked. "I suppose you got my old locker and all the rest of my stuff."

Lumpe smiled, and Phil went down the line, slapping this fellow on the back, trading mild insults with that fellow. It was friendly, all of it, and yet the visitor was pressing just a little, like a man coming back to an office after retiring and suddenly realizing that he is an outsider.



INDOOR SPORT

He loves fishing through the ice,
But his taste in fishing varies;
Sometimes he thinks the olives nice,
At other times, it's cherries.

—F. E. WHITE

Phil made his way back to the door and turned to wave goodby.

"Hey, Phil," Mickey Mantle called to him. "Where you staying?"

"Why," said Phil, "at a motel. Down the street from where the team is."

"How come you're not staying with the team?" asked Mickey.

"The hotel said they didn't have a room," Phil waved again and started out the door, then turned once more.

"I guess," he said, "I guess a year makes a big difference."

GYARMATI'S STORY

ON PAGE 37 begins an account of the coast-to-coast Freedom Tour just completed by three dozen members of the Hungarian Olympic team who chose a new life in America after the Melbourne Olympics, and who are now settling down to school and jobs in the U.S. By coincidence, as their tour ended, there arrived in this country another member of the Hungarian Olympic team, one who originally chose to return to Budapest. He is Denzo Gyarmati, captain of the water polo team at Melbourne, who went back with his wife because the Communists held their 2-year-old daughter as a hostage.

This winter Denzo and his wife managed to recross the Hungarian frontier to the West with their daughter. What was it like to go back—for an athlete the Communists distrusted? Here is Gyarmati's testimony:

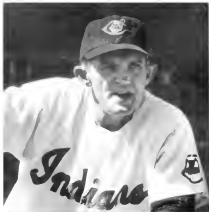
"I was placed under surveillance by the secret police. I was followed by an agent everywhere I went. [Finally] I was waylaid. They gagged and bound me, and I was taken to an empty house in Buda by Russian-speaking thugs. I was beaten and left there unconscious."

Gyarmati sent a message to fellow Hungarian Olympians just finishing the Freedom Tour:

"Uprooted and exiled as we are, we are free. We must cherish this freedom, not for any ulterior or personal sake, but for the sake of those who look to us for encouragement and support.

"At home, the rewards rule in the shadow of Russian tanks. Many of our friends have been deported to Russia. Our fellow champion, Gexa Kadlas, the swimmer, has just been sentenced to 15 years for a minor part he played during the revolution. Others are kept in prisons and camps without the pretense of a charge or the formality of a trial.

"The Free World is our first line of defense, our bastion and faith, our foothold, our beachhead. . . ."



THE MAN WHO MAKES THE INDIANS RUN

Kerby Farrell hits the big time with a brand of baseball that should bring Cleveland back its fans and—some day—a pennant

by ROY TERRELL

IT WAS one of those days you run into sometimes in Arizona this time of the year that leaves you with the feeling you wish you hadn't. The sun boiled down from a cloudless sky and then bounced back up in shimmering waves that distorted the distant mountains and made the numbers dance on the scoreboard out in right field. Little puffs of dust arose from the red base paths where a young shortstop named Andre Rodgers and a no-longer-young second baseman named Schoendienst moved into position for the next hitter. A drop of sweat trickled off the nose of the third base coach, who in this case happened to be named Eddie Stanky, and he flung it impatiently to the ground. And the writers, sitting atop the uncovered press box behind home plate, took their shirts off, and cooked, and wished they were back in the cool green swimming pool at the Adams Hotel. It was not a day for great exertion or great deeds; although those friendly old enemies of the spring, the Cleveland Indians and the New York Giants, were playing a baseball game, it was still a month before opening day and this really didn't count.

Yet this is what happened.

A Cleveland rookie named Roger Maris drove a pitch down the line into right field, turned first base at top speed and slammed into second ahead of the throw. Another Cleveland rookie, Joe Caffe, singled into center. Willie Mays came in fast, took the ball on one hop and, seeing Maris take a threatening turn around third, heaved a magnificent strike into the catcher's hands. The throw was too magnificent; it went directly to the catcher, without a hop and out of reach of the cut-off man, and as Maris jogged back into third, Caffe raced into second base.

Joe Altobelli, who is also a Cleveland rookie, swung,

continued

FIGHTY FARRELL misses nothing that happens on field or in the bullpen, shouts encouragement to players and gives signals to coaches when he isn't nervously pacing up and down dugout

FARRELL OF THE INDIANS

continued

and the ball went whistling right back at Pete Burnside on the mound; the young Giant left-hander scrambled over to pick it up, cast a worried look at Maris dancing off third, another glance toward Caffe leading off from second—and by then it was too late to catch the scurrying Altobelli. Chico Carrasquel looped a single into center, scoring Maris from third, scoring Caffe from second and sending Altobelli, who was gone with the pitch, racing all the way around to third to beat a perfect throw from perhaps the best arm in all baseball. Bob Lemon forced Carrasquel at second, but Altobelli scored. George Strickland singled, again to center, and now it was Lemon, 36 years old and pounding along like an angry and very determined rhinoceros, who turned second without breaking stride and bore down upon the frantically beckoning Stanky at third.

Maya fielded the ball but, perhaps remembering the play of a moment before, hurried a little too much; he juggled it for a second and then, although the throw once again was perfect, Lemon arose from the dust cloud safe. He grinned at Stanky and Stanky grinned back and down at second base stood Strickland, grinning too. Bobby Avila popped up but Jim Hegan singled into left and Lemon scored. So did Strickland; Stanky took one look at slow-moving Hank Sauer fielding the ball out in left field, calculated the short throw against Sauer's arm and sent Strickland on in, too. It wasn't even close.

The Indians had five runs without the benefit of a walk or a Giant error or a passed ball or a wild pitch and while they will never show up in the American League statistics this year, they were very important runs just the same. On a hot day in Phoenix, with nothing at stake, the 1957 Cleveland Indians had refused to stand around on the bases waiting for a Kiner or a Doby or a Rosen or a Wertz to hit a home run and bring them home. And over in the Cleveland dugout, a square-shouldered refugee from a cotton farm in Tennessee, a man with big ears and a broken nose and the wrinkles from 25 years of looking out across sun-baked ball parks pinching up his eyes, leaned back and smiled. He was the man who made the Indians run. His name was Kerby Farrell.

DONT STOP AT SECOND

Major Kerby Farrell (the first is a name, not a title) is 43 years old and nobody's fool and he has been around long enough not to confuse the 1957 Cleveland Indians with the old Gashouse Gang of the St. Louis Cardinals. He also knows that there is no way of stealing first base and the biggest problem he must face as the new manager of the Indians is base hits. But if Kerby Farrell has a philosophy, it is this: "You do not win a baseball game by stopping at second." So he has the Cleveland Indians running as they have not run in years.

Despite these spring heroics, second is probably about as far as the Indians can go—by second place, not second base. Farrell knows this and so does General Manager Hank Greenberg; overconfidence is not likely to become very infectious in this league as long as the New York Yankees are around. Yet the important point is that although Cleveland fans have begun to show a contempt bordering upon scorn for second place in 1956, as the Indians finished second for the fifth time in six years, the attendance dropped below one million for the first time since 1945; the Indian front office hopes that a different kind of second-place

finish might bring the fans back. The man they have chosen to lead the way is Kerby Farrell.

Farrell does not have to catch the Yankees, at least not this year, but he must begin to rebuild a ball club which in the past has been good but not quite good enough; at the same time he must change its style of play. From a team which has depended upon the best pitching staff in the league and occasional bursts of great power to offset a leaky defense, lack of speed and erratic over-all hitting, Farrell must develop a club that can run and field and throw and somehow hitch up a batting average which last year shared with Baltimore the doubtful honor of being worst in the American League. Fortunately, the magnificent pitching is still there.

To many, this would hardly be classified as an enviable job; to Farrell it is a job to be welcomed with vast enthusiasm since it is the job toward which he has been working for almost 20 years.

BRAVE NEW BREED

Kerby Farrell is a representative of the new breed of major league baseball managers, one of the younger men with little or no major league playing experience but with shining managerial records in the minors who have come along to break up the old game of musical chairs which used to send such leathery veterans as Charley Grimm and Bucky Harris and Rogers Hornsby and Steve O'Neill bouncing back and forth amongst the 16 teams like ricocheting billiard balls. Unlike Walter Alston or Mayo Smith or Jack Tighe, who were never really major leaguers, and unlike Bob Schefling, who was up for a long time but played only spasmodically, Farrell was a big league regular for two full seasons. But those seasons were 1943 and 1945, and Kerby Farrell is the first to say, "I was just a war-time major leaguer. I was helping keep the store while the good boys were away."

Farrell has been called a Tennessee hillbilly but this involves a certain amount of poetic license with little regard for geographic fact. Leapwood, where Farrell was born—or at least born near—on September 3, 1913, is indeed in Tennessee and even appears on some maps. But Leapwood is located in the western part of the state, in the rich cotton lands between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers and almost 200 miles from the first rise of the Cumberland Plateau. The favorite outdoor sport in those parts is baseball, not dodging revenooers, and that is where Farrell's baseball career began.

He did most of his growing up in Bethel Springs, which is several miles west of Leapwood and almost four times as big, having a population of some 600 citizens and a railroad as well. The Gulf, Mobile and Ohio doesn't always stop there, however, and Farrell insists that a lot of people who travel the route will never appreciate the wonders that exist in Bethel Springs. "If you sneeze as you go through," he says, "you miss it."

He was an outstanding basketball and baseball player in high school and managed to stay out of the cotton fields in the summer by playing for semipro teams from the big cities of Jackson and Gleason and Henderson. He went to Freed-Hardeman Junior College on a basketball scholarship, and there occurred the two most important events in Farrell's life: a Memphis scout signed him to a professional contract and he met old Dr. Hardeman's niece, a pretty, brown-haired girl named Mildred Nell Ledbetter.

In 1935, after Kerby Farrell had advanced through Jackson and Beckley and Tyler to Memphis of the Southern

continued on page 66

Where there's life
...there's Bud!



AREN'T YOU GLAD? Springtime is
a happy time. And the best
place to be is close to a Bud.
Cold, refreshing Budweiser...
the King of Beers.

Budweiser

YOU...



SHE...



AND YOUR NEW



LIGHTWEIGHT

Lee

Light as a zephyr,
smart as a breeze,
the new Lee Cobwebs
are the perfect
in-between winter-
and-summer hats. Designed
for your face, Lee Cobwebs
for Easter are ready
now in the colors
and styles she'll approve.
Keep in step with spring:
buy a new Lee Hat today!
Shown below—left to right,
Lapchee \$15, All American \$9.95,
Adventure \$10.95

Photo by George M. Allen. Art by John Washburn



ACROSS A FREE LAND

From New England in winter to California at the edge of spring, the Hungarian athletes' tour exhibited their skills and helped them to know their new country

IN BUDAPEST one day last fall a group of men and women clad in track suits, exhibition uniforms and miscellaneous civilian clothes clamored onto two black buses. The noise of gunfire was heard in sporadic bursts in the street. A few cheers came from families and friends who waved them farewell. . . . The other day another bus—a blue and white Greyhound Scenicruiser this time—pulled to a stop in San Francisco, and members of the Hungarian Olympic team stepped down. They looked out over the hills toward the city, the bay, the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge. One of them said quietly, "Fantastic." An American said: "You like San Francisco?" The Hungarian said, "Yes—but I mean everything."

For the athletes as a group the traveling was over, the transition done. Ahead were jobs, scholarships and new lives in a now familiar land. Between the bus in Budapest and that in San Francisco lay almost 20,000 miles of air travel, their Olympic performances, the major decision in their lives and a Freedom Tour that had taken them the length and breadth of America.

They had gone to Melbourne to represent Free Hungary in the Olympics. There they found no such thing existed. On their Olympic emblems they placed black mourning ribbons. In the name of the idea of Free Hungary they competed, won gold medals in fencing, gymnastics and water polo. Then many of them made the hard decision for freedom. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* promised to help, guaranteed to them and to the United States Government that the magazine would underwrite a Freedom Tour. Immigration and State Department cleared up entrance requirements, Pan American sent a plane and on Christmas Eve a party of 38 athletes arrived in the U.S.

A TALE OF 50 CITIES

Today they have seen more of America than most Americans ever will. The Freedom Tour, organized with the cooperation of the AAU and the Amateur Fencers League of America, sent two separate teams (the water group and the fencers and gymnasts) on travels of more than 4,000 miles each. The teams made 59 stops in different cities and towns and staged 95 performances.

They had spent Christmas in the West, New Year's in New York. They had touched the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, visited the Capitol in Washington and scrambled playfully along the upper rim of the Grand Canyon. They had rested at quiet school and college towns like Andover and Middlebury. They had lived at the great universities of Michigan and Ohio State and Notre Dame. They had watched Cadillaces being built in Detroit, broncos being hustled in Texas.

In turn, they brought three things to America: a living demonstration of the obstinate, furious idea of Free Hungary; the superb skill of Olympic champions in sports unfamiliar to Americans; and, not least important, they brought themselves and their talents and aspirations.

In a shining new YMCA hall in Beverly Hills, spectators waited restlessly for the fencers and gymnasts to begin their exhibition; the equipment had arrived late. At last a small man dressed in a well-worn exercise suit appeared: Attila Takacs, one of the finest gymnasts in the world. His performance on the side horse, instantly recognizable as flawless even by beginners, brought the crowd in a matter of seconds from a dead halt of indifference to a standing ovation. In San Francisco, after watching George Jekelfalussy-Piller give a fencing lesson to one of his Hungarian pupils, members of the Northern California Fencing Association held a public subscription to help establish him as a coach in California.

As they traveled, the athletes made friends, plans and progress in adapting to a strange new country. Mostly through offers of jobs and scholarships, they have found places for themselves. Six athletes dropped out of the tour before it ended because they found jobs they liked and wanted to settle down. Four others returned to Europe, and one of these even went back to Hungary.

All of them were urged to go back, in letter after letter from Budapest. They were told that the end of the tour would find them stranded. They were ordered to return, begged to return, promised rewards and privileges if they would return. Sensibly, the athletes took this propaganda campaign to mean that the Freedom Tour was having an effect of its own in their native country. The tour, successful in America, had apparently been a sensation behind the Iron Curtain.

Now that the tour has ended, all but two of its members have definite plans for working or studying in the U.S. The exceptions are László Tabori, the under-four-minute miler, and Mihály Ipolti, his coach. They are now at the University of North Carolina, where both have part-time jobs through the spring semester.

Like any tourists delighted and sometimes moved by the sights of America, the Hungarian athletes took pictures of the places and people they saw and wanted most to remember. It is a curious fact—and probably an encouraging sign—that despite grim memories of home, long months of backbreaking travel and many uncertainties in the future, the Hungarians took snapshots with their own personal cameras exactly like those any other tourist would have made. For their own joyous America, turn the page.

—RICHARD L. NEALE



GRAND CANYON BECOMES MEMORY BOOK ITEM FOR GYMNASTS ANDREA BODO, MARTHA NAGY

HUNGARIANS DISCOVER AMERICA

Here, in pictures that they took themselves, members of the Hungarian Olympic team who sought freedom in the U.S. after Melbourne record their first snapshot impressions of their new-found land. Their Freedom Tour, which involved numerous coast-to-coast exhibitions of swimming, diving, fencing and gymnastics, kept them busy—but not too busy to enjoy the discovery of a continent



AIR FORCE JET 20th century in position from Greece, including Lilla Theresia, Dancer, Air Academy



GULFSTREAM FISHING attracts Lilla Theresia, Miki Molnar and John Hansen during tour along to Miami



SPORTS CAR SPIN through Las Vegas—Martha Nantz claims her open air impressions of Nevada city



BOAT TRIP down Miami's glorious Biscayne Bay with a close-up peek at headbangers, sunbathers, swimmers



HOUSTON SKYLINE and automobilist for drive a traveling Hungarian's camera



EDISON WORKSHOP, now a museum, in Detroit, becomes pilgrimage point



U.N. HEADQUARTERS in New York City, affords an unrivaled snapshot subject



HOOVER DAM on Colorado River affords a natural chance to leave the bus, stretch cramped legs and take pictures



FLORIDA DAY OFF, between Freedom Tour exhibitions, allows several girl zith us time for a swim in the Gulf. *continued*



ARIZONA FIRE ENGINE (over) mounted pump for water-based fire-fighting; small, three-wheeled, 100-gal. capacity; 12-hp. engine; 100-gal. tank; 100-gal. tank; 100-gal. tank.



GIANT CACTUS - nesting in Arizona desert half - group for summer shed.



DIVING EXHIBIT by the Hungarian draws matches to the Vegas pool



COCONUT PALM on the Gulf Coast turns Hungarian fence into climber.



COIFFURE *q.v.* *be* *attentions* *font*
Domus *be* *font* *Desert* *font* *font*



FACADE and flags pull the tourists
eyes up and it doesn't hurt Stamford.



REFRESHMENTS bring gymnasiums and courts to a Galveston beach table.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Barbara McIntire, dimpled 22-year-old beauty from Toledo, came back from failure in Titleholders to sweep through big field in North and South Amateur at Pinehurst, beating Mrs. Ann Casey Johnston 3 and 2 for championship.



Tim Jerko, limber-armed Yale sophomore, flapped his way to two records and triple in NCAA championships at Chapel Hill. He won 100-yard butterfly in 24.6; 200-yard butterfly in 2:09.5; 200-yard individual medley in 2:09.4.

RECORD BREAKERS

Federal Hill, frisky 8-year-old owned by Clifford Lusky, brilliantly qualified himself as sprinter, streaking seldom run 6 1/4 furlongs in 1:15 for new world record at Gulfstream (March 25), a speed he was unable to match over longer distance in Florida Derby later in week (see "Horse Racing").

Beau Nashua, Leslie Madison's rangy 2-year-old Arizona-bred colt, lugging 138 pounds in second race of career, thundered 4 furlongs in 43 seconds to break another world mark at Turf Paradise in Phoenix (March 26).

Maureen Murphy, homebred Olympian, windmilled 150-yard backstroke in 1:43.3 at Portland, Ore. (March 24) to better 15-year-old record (1:48.2) held by Gloria Calkins.

Fyodor Bogdanovskiy, massive-muscled Russian middle-weight lifter, hefted 894 1/2 pounds in press to raise own world standard at Moscow.

SWIMMING

Michigan, bolstered by Dick Kimball's double in low and high board diving and Cy Hopkins' triumph in 200-yard breaststroke in meet record 2:20, avoished invades defeat with Michigan sliding in medal relay, last event on program, adding enough points to offset tremendous swim show by Yale's Tim Jerko (see above) and edging Elm 69-61 for NCAA team title at Chapel Hill, N.C. Other individual champions, North Carolina's Charlie Kerpe in 100-yard backstroke (58.1) and 200-yard backstroke (2:07.8); Indiana's Bill Woolsey in 220-yard freestyle (2:02.1) and 440-yard freestyle (4:48.2); Auburn's Bob Kester in 50-yard freestyle (22.1); Harvard's Henry Byer in 150-yard freestyle (45.4); Oklahoma's Felian Dyson in 100-yard breaststroke (1:30); Yale's Russell Hibbard, Daniel Cornwall, Dave Armstrong and Rex Aubrey in 400-yard freestyle relay (3:23.8).

BASKETBALL

Boston, bouncing back after 125-123 double overtime loss to St. Louis (who earlier outthumbed Minneapolis 143-136 for Western title), used Bob Cousy's wizardry and Frank Ramsey's point-making to beat Hawks 119-99 in second game of NBA championship playoff at Boston.

Air Force All-Stars turned loose sharpshooting little 5 feet 10 inches Ron Tompau for 26 points, put pressure on San Francisco Olympic Club in closing minutes for 87-74 victory, became first service team since 1910 to win AAU title, at Denver.

HORSE RACING

Gen. Duke, Calumet Farm's 3-year-old dandy, responded to Willie Hartack's whip with terrific charge in stretch to beat favored Old Rule by 1 1/2 lengths in 1:46 4/5, fastest ever for 3-year-old and equalling world record for male and furlong, in \$128,630 Florida Derby at Gulfstream (see page 32).

Mrs. Jan Burke's stout-hearted Dedicate surged up to leaders when urged by Bill Boland, outlasted Third Brother in run for wire to win by nose in \$111,150 John B. Campbell Memorial on closing day at Hialeah.

Mrs. Geoffrey Robin's Sandew, off at 20 to 1, gave his long-chest hocks severe case of nerves when he stumbled twice but recovered smartly to finish right lengths ahead of pack in Grand National at Aintree (see page 14).

POLO

Cecil Smith, 53, onetime cowhand who rose to become one of nation's top-ranking maillet stars (see page 30), gave 5,000 fans who gathered at Boca Raton to honor him on election to Texas' Hall of Fame plenty to cheer about, whacking home offside neckshot in sudden-death chucker to provide his Texas quartet with 3-8 win over star-studded Boca Raton team.

CURLING

Hibbing, Minn., skippered by Harold Lauber, 47-year-old golf pro and sparked by holier-guy Pety Beay, 46-year-old beer distributor, skill-tered to seven straight victories before losing to Detroit 12-11, came back to outswipe Mount, N.D. 12-6 for title in first national bonspiel at Chicago (see page 39).

HOCKEY

Montreal and Boston went ahead 2-1 in Stanley Cup semifinals but still had rough road ahead. Canadiens split first two with New York 4-1, 3-4, staged dazzling power display at home to throttle Rangers 5-3 as Bruins Goffron turned hot trick; Bruins stopped Detroit 3-1, lost next one 7-2 but took third game 4-3 on Cal Gardner's last-period 50-foot clutch goal.

BICYCLING

Hans Smith and Peter Post, sprinted Dutch pedalers, took turns whirling aimlessly around Chicago's International Amphitheatre for six days and nights, covering 1,865 miles to finish ahead of streamlined field as three-city revival tour ended in final flip. Squashed Francoeur Harry Spierber: "I can remember when riders got off their bikes to shovel coal into furnaces to heat the building. Today they are prima donnas."

BOXING

Pascual Perez, Argentina's power-punching flyweight long, caught challenging British Champion Dan Dwyer with dynamite-packed right cross to chin to score KO in 2:58 of first round before 83,000 at Buenos Aires' sprawling San Lorenzo de Almagro Soccer Stadium. Deadpanned Perez: "It was all a mistake. I usually take my time in the early rounds. But this time continued

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HEAVY-PUNCHING Tony DeMarco watches surprised Larry Boardman hit deck in fifth round of their welterweight fight at Boston. DeMarco's bombs won decision in 10 slash-bang rounds.



SMOOTH-STROKING Cambridge crew (right), aided by two Americans and using conventional British style, is shown on way to 2 1/2-length upset victory over Oxford in race on Thames.



Nanie Foley, 18, of Houghton, Mich., led all U.S. women skiers in total points going into N. American championships at Squaw Valley, seemed sure bet to lead women's team at FIS world title meet at Badgastein, Austria next March.

SKIING

U. S. Varsity of Denver University won jumps. Teammate Harold Risher took Norbre Con- tested 10k to give Cook With Schaeffer (83, April 1 fourth concern to NCAA championships. Second in team skiing Colorado I. Individual stars of meet: Ralph Miller and Clark Ingh of third-place Dartmouth, who won downhill and slalom respectively, Western State's Mark Miller slalom.

Blondino or slalom. **Tom Sailer** and fellow Austrian Andrei Molterer led Risher and Christian Pravda made runaways of U.S. racing season. Before then took first place in virtually all major events except National slalom, in which Sailer was disqualified. Handsome Sailer was undisputed king of racing, winning eight victories, one second and one disqualification in 10 events he entered.

Theresa La Rue, France, rated best of European women to invade U. S. this winter, taking Combined titles at American International at Stoke and Hartman Cup at Squaw Valley.

Nanie Foley (above) led fresh crop of American girls to men were second against twilight European competition, won Bush Cup Combined and finished second to La Rue at Stone and Squaw Valley. Other fresh faces at top of American skiing: Muri Springer-Miller, winner of National Combined and Stone International downhill, Sally Dewey, winner of women's slalom titles in Nationals and Bush Cup, Linda Meyers, second in Nationals Combined and fifth in Bush Cup Combined.

American men did poorly against crack Austrians, with Buddy Werner second behind Sailer in National and Stone International downhill (time only 1.58-entrant to score consistently. However, National Ski Association hopes to raise \$10,000 for training and traveling expenses of U.S. team to Austria next year and feels with competitive experience Werner and others can make top showing.

continued



COASTING over finish line, Maek Miller takes cross-country event to help Western State to fourth place in NCAA meet.



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Lou Campi, 32, Dumont, N.J. stone-mason, has become latest TV heart-throb. Rolling off wrong foot, Campi won two new cars and \$6,500 in Sweepstakes show, next night beat Buzz Fazio to run East-West winnings to \$4,050.



Francis Quimby, ex-caddie who won Open in 1913, Amateur in 1914, 1931 and since then has devoted himself to promotion of golf, was named winner of Richardson Trophy for "outstanding contributions" by Golf Writers' Assn.

WRESTLING

Oklahoma's Dan Hodge pinned four of five opponents to lead Sooner wrestlers to team championship in 27th annual NCAA wrestling championships at Pittsburgh. Hodge closed out college career by winning his third straight 177-pound championship and becoming second in history to repeat as tournament's outstanding wrestler. Only sour note for Oklahoma came in Hodge's semifinal bout with John Dunlap of Oregon State, when he failed to pin Dunlap, thus breaking 21-match pin streak, although winning 3-2 decision.

Ed Peery of runner-up Pittsburgh ran Peery family string of "triples" to three when he won third straight 123-pound championship on referees' decision over Harmon Leslie of Oklahoma A&M. Peery's father Rex, Pitt coach, and older brother Hugh were three-time champions at Oklahoma A&M and Pittsburgh respectively.

Tournament first was scored by 147-pounder Simon Roberts of Iowa, who beat Ron Gray of Iowa State 2-0 in overtime to become first Negro ever to win NCAA championship. Most heart-warming performance came from unseeded Bernard Sullivan, Oklahoma's second-string 167-pounder who entered in 191-pound division. Beaten 8-3 in his first match by Navy's Tony Sirmie, Sullivan entered consolation bracket and, though yielding 20 pounds to heavier, taller opponents, won three straight matches—last by fall over Jack Himmelfright, No. 2 heavyweight in Big Seven Conference—for third place. Conquered Sullivan: "I ate apples and ate and couldn't get a cotton-pickin' pound over 172. Ain't it ironic?"

Other champions: Dick Delgado, Oklahoma, 115 pounds; John Johnston, Penn State, 130 pounds; Joe Gratto, Lehigh, 137 pounds; Doug Blalough, Okla. A&M, 157 pounds; Tom Alberts, Pitt, 167 pounds; Ron Schert, Pitt, 191 pounds; Bob Norman, Illinois, unlimited heavyweight.

Team standings: Oklahoma 73; Pitt 66; Iowa State 38; Okla. A&M 35; Penn State 33.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

SAM HARRIS, Pacific Northwest, Calif., USAC Intl. championship race, 50 laps at 44 5/4, in 1931 Mercury, Velva, Calif.

BADMINTON

EDDY CHONG, Malaya, over Perry Samsela, 15-8, 15-4, world doubles tournament, Glasgow.

BASKETBALL

LETTIE ROCK, expt. Milwaukee School Club, 56-79, American Athletic Assn. of Great Lakes, New York.

BOXING

EVON DUBELLE 7 round TKO over Clarence Floyd, light heavyweight, New York.

RALPH (TIGER) JONES 10-round decision over Arthur King, middleweight, Toronto.

BENNY BOTO 16 round decision over Frank Scauze, middleweight, Miami Beach.

ISAAC LOGAN 10-round decision over Gil Turner, middleweight, New York.

KID ANAKI 16, 10-round decision over Billy Paschich, featherweight, Hollywood, Calif.

GOLF

EDWARD EVERITT, Atlantic City, and JACQUES BUREAU, Ardmore, Pa., over Ben Bingham and Barry Stewart, 9 and 8, Hollywood (Fla.) intl. 4-ball 9th.

HORSE RACING

PIE FACE 107 4/5 Delaware Stakes, 5 1/4, by 3 lengths, in 58 4/5, Bay Meadows, Pacer Millions cup.

KENTUCKY BURNER 511 1/2 Arkansas Derby 1 1/4 m., by head, in 49 2/5, Oaklawn, John Delmonico cup.

HUNT RACING

SANCING EAGLE, Canadian Cup Steeplechase, 3 m. (28 jumps), by 6 lengths, in 5:45, Gordon, S.C. Main Forest cup.

POLO

WESTONESTER, over New York, 14-8, Eastern indoor 12 goal championship, New York.

SOCCER

ST. LOUIS KUTIS, over New York Rockets, 3-0, final of 3-game total goal series for U.S. Open Cup, St. Louis.

SQUASH RACQUETS

EDMAN BRAN, Pakistan, over Nathan Khan, 6-6, 9-5, 5-2, 9-0, British Open title, London.

TENNIS

PANCHO GONZALES and Pan Hovocov, 1 match each, Genesee leads World Pro Tour, 26-11.



OKLAHOMA'S Dan Hodge elms Oregon State's John Dunlap to mat in a semifinal match during the NCAA championships.



SAN FRANCISCO Olympic Club's Rich (with ball) is the center of attraction in 11-0 Rugby win over MIT at San Francisco.



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Andy Bathgate, hockey's newest superstar, rose to full brilliance in midseason and signaled the beginning of

A RANGER UPRISING

THE professional hockey season now vibrates to its annual spring climax—the Stanley Cup playoffs—and as this appears it may well be that only the two finalists will remain on the ice. Yet there is a memory of the regular season's events that should not be soon forgotten. For at a point just past midseason the crowds in the six rinks where the National Hockey League operates witnessed that rarity, the rise of a new star of the first magnitude in the game's superconstellation. He is Andrew James Bathgate, a handsome young man of 24 out of Winnipeg who plays mostly right wing but also left wing and center for the New York Rangers.

During his two major league seasons which preceded this one, Bathgate had many times done things which indicated kinship with the great, but actually he crossed the threshold into the sparsely settled land of the superstars only after the 70-game season of 1956-57 had run half its course. The immediate result was that the Rangers, going nowhere fast, began to play the best and most exciting hockey in the league, driving straight to a Stanley Cup play-off berth with only two defeats in five weeks. And this ability to inspire teammates to play better is something we always find in the great ones.

There are probably 100 players on the rosters of the six clubs of the NHL, and many of them are stars as we use that word so freely in sports. But above them there is—as in other sports—another and even higher class. In it are the superstars of hockey, and there have been precious few of them at any one time in the game's history.

In fact, when he had qualified, Bathgate became one of only five front-line men currently acknowledged to be in this category: Maurice Richard, the fabulous Rocket of the Montreal Canadiens; Gordie Howe and Ted Lindsay of the Detroit Red Wings (SI, March 18); and Jean Beliveau, a younger Canadian of eminence. To these must also be added a pair of extraordinary defense men—Doug Harvey of the



TAUT AND ALERT on the ice, Bathgate amazes fans with his effortless reflexes.

Canadiens and Red Kelley of the Red Wings. Bathgate is the first new member of this lodge since Beliveau elected himself in 1953, but there is a suspicion around the league that Ed Litzenberger, Bathgate's teen-age rival back in Canada, may soon cross the border into greatness as a forward on the Chicago Black Hawks.

They do not burst suddenly in all their brilliance, these superstars. On the contrary, it often seems they take

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*Believe it or not, these gentlemen are the members of the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society Tasting Committee (L to R: Paul Nyeland, Barney Vogel, Willard Cox, Tom Callard).

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RANGER UPRISING

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longer to develop than lesser players. However, only 35 goals in his first three seasons. Bathgate, an outstanding schoolboy athlete along with his two older brothers in Winnipeg, needed five years to make it from junior hockey in Guelph, Ontario to stardom in Madison Square Garden.

Two of those years were with minor league teams in Vancouver and Cleveland. But now, like most big league hockey players, Andy is a man of substance, married to a Vancouver girl with whose father he operates a motel out there. He also owns a golf driving range in Guelph which his brother Frank runs, and he is himself a good enough golfer to contemplate a professional career when his hockey days are done.

What is it that sets these so-called superstars apart from their fellows, some of whom seem at times as talented as they? They have much in common, the great ones, but how different they are!

Howe is an enormously strong man of phlegmatic temperament. Richard and Lindsay are the choleric, always ready for a fight, the one a perfectly built picture of an athlete, the other a wiry little man as tough as rawhide. Beliveau is an amiable giant touched with a moody melancholy, and Bathgate, 6 feet and 175 pounds, is the sanguine who keeps laughingly out of trouble while performing his frequent miracles and charming even the enemy with his strong, open and happy personality.

All of them are at once individualists and great team players, and what they have in common is an uncommon skill and flair for the most difficult game. To each, the number of strategic, or puck-carrying, possibilities is greater than to others and in a game where the unforeseen develops continually they alone try the new, the unexpected.

Bathgate especially has this ability to an unusual degree and, like The Rocket, he can bring gasps from the crowd by the audacity of moves which lesser men can neither conceive nor carry out. All first-class players who keep shooting score goals one way or another. Only the master knows how to direct a series of movements so that they place him where none can prevent his doing so.

There comes to mind a moment in the final home game against Detroit with the score tied. Bathgate had taken a pass some 15 feet in front of the Red Wings' goal and suddenly found

himself alone. As he moved toward Goalie Glenn Hall he faked first with his stick, then with his shoulders, until this most capable of goal tenders was hopelessly off balance. At that point Andy flicked the puck in the net as simply as if it had been unguarded. The entire play might have taken no more than the blink of an eye, yet so deliberate and effortless were his actions that Bathgate appeared to have all the time in the world.

LAYING IT ON BLADES

Anticipation—the suret that appears to come by instinct but is, of course, the result of immense talent and concentration—is another of the assets that has lifted Bathgate into the circle of hockey's superstars, as the final NHL statistics eloquently testify. Although his total production of goals was only 27—seventh highest in the league—his 50 assists placed him fourth in the total-points rankings. In other words, he was a team player rather than an individualist, largely because of his instinct for setting up the ideal play—usually feinting the opposing defense out of position with a maneuver that could not be out-guessed—and then laying the puck on the blades of either Prentice or Popein, his first-line teammates, for the score.

Finally, the outstanding quality shared by the superstars is the one which dictates that, when all depends on them, they do not fail. They have an extraordinary talent for seizing hold of a situation to score or set up a winning or tying goal when everything seems lost. Any number of games in which Bathgate did just this during the Rangers' late drive could be cited. It is certainly no accident that Detroit and Montreal have now dominated hockey for nine straight years. Teams with such players nearly always have dominated. But Richard, with 15 seasons behind him, and Lindsay with 13 are at least nearing the end of the road. It may be that the Rangers, with Bathgate to lead them, are emerging at last from their "weak sister" category and will move toward the top in the years just ahead.

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HUGHSTON M. McBAIN, CURLING SPIRIT OF FIRST U.S. NATIONAL CURLING TOURNAMENT, TAKES ICE TO CROWD CONFIDENCE IN GAME'S FUTURE.

HUGHSTON McBAIN BAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR SIEGEL

UNTIL THE VERY END of the first U.S. Men's National Curling Championship tournament, just completed at Chicago Stadium, a ruddy, rotund, bright-eyed man of 55 named Hughston M. McBain seemed to be trying hard to keep his high spirits under control.

It was Mr. McBain who conceived the idea of staging the first national championships under the quiet sponsorship of Marshall Field & Company, the famed Chicago department store of which he is board chairman. Thus, it fell to him to stand in the place of honor for the colorful opening ceremonies (with the 40 participating curlers marching on the ice and 55 kilted girl drummers and bagpipers from the University of Iowa adding a further

decorative note) and to deliver the address of welcome to the 10 rinks (teams to you, possibly) before hurrying down to the ice to throw the first stone. The night before, Mr. McBain sought to compose himself by going to bed early, curling (naturally) up with a book on the game written by a Scots parson, the Reverend John Kerr, in 1880. Mr. McBain was pleased to note that the Reverend referred to the game as "a commoner's game," since he has been trying to nail the canard that curling is a rich man's fancy. Mr. McBain slept like a rock, or rather a stone.

Next day, Mr. McBain looked longingly at his kilts and the plaids of the McBain clan but bravely put on the uniform of a board chairman, a conservative business suit, instead. Thus

attired, he delivered his welcoming address. But when he got down on the ice to dispatch the first stone, his effervescence started to boil over. And when the stone went skimming down the ice and into the "house" (assisted by a nudge from a prankish curler's toe), Mr. McBain could restrain himself no longer. He whirled and took a few running steps and then vaulted into the grandstand.

As play began, Mr. McBain was all over the place, talking, laughing, back-slapping, collaring friends for a quick one at the Broom Closet, the public bar, or the Rock Pile, a private bar for tournament officials. Outside the bars, Mr. McBain had plenty of elbow room. The biggest crowd at any one time

continued



SAYS WEISIN: "IT'S GOING TO CROW AND CROW—LIKE GOLF, LIKE HOCKEY, LIKE BOWLING."



TENSE MOMENT as stone glides into target area is observed by small band of curling fans, lost in big Chicago arena. At right: "Skip" Harold Lauber of Minnesota.

Back to classic

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CURLING

continued

during the four-day tournament was under 2,000. The Chicago Stadium seats 18,000.

Mr. McBain's spirits soared dangerously from time to time, but he remained true to his business suit. One day he sought to fortify himself against exuberance by rushing off to attend a meeting of Illinois Bell Telephone Company directors. But, as the tournament progressed and the curling grew more exciting, it became clear to close observers that there was a growing gleam in the McBain eye, a brighter red on the McBain cheek. At last, on the final, thrilling night, Mr. McBain threw caution (and his business suit) to the winds, hustled into his red plaid jacket, McBain tartan, and dark green pants and roared out a happy and triumphant summation of the tournament play: "Curling is going to grow and grow—like golf, like hockey, like bowling!"

DAWN-FINISH AVERTED

What provoked this McBain extravaganza (there are, after all, supposed to be 20 million howlers) was a rousing finish to the tournament in which Hibbing, Minnesota fought off a determined bid by Minot, North Dakota, to win 12-6 and wind up the bonspiel with eight wins against one loss.

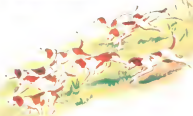
If North Dakota had won (it was leading 5-4 halfway through the game), it would have taken two games to break the three-way tie. And that would have meant curling straight through until dawn because the Stadium ice was scheduled to be melted and replaced for the Ice Capades, the next Stadium attraction.

This development was averted when Minnesota, sparked by its skip, Harold Lauber, and "second," Petey Beusy, a sort of curling Leo Durocher, picked up three points in the sixth and went on to score four more in the next two ends. The victory was particularly satisfying to Hughston McBain because it served to dramatize his point that curlers come from all walks of life. The Minnesota rink included a golf pro, a lumber foreman, a beer distributor and a city employee.

In this first national tournament, nine states (plus Alaska) were represented. In the next one—or one not far off—there are likely to be rinks entered from all 48 states and maybe, who knows, Hawaii.

If you believe Mr. Hughston M. McBain.

END



The hue and cry is for Foxhound. Why is this town-and-country hat so sought after? Because it's so right for Spring! Lightweight enough for the balmy days and substantial enough for the windiest... styled to impress either a new client or a new love. In spirited Spring shades. Foxhound, \$12.95. Other Knox Hats, \$10 to \$50.

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KNOX HATS





For Grover Stephens, one of the country's foremost amateur riders, the Maryland Hunt Cup has lately been heated. This four-mile course over timber, one of the toughest, has thrown him three times—the last time right in front of the camera of spectator M. Lacy Eddins. This year (April 27) Stephens will see if his jinx ended with the series of three.

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Gen. Duke is enthroned a solid Kentucky Derby

favorite as Arcaro the Master finds himself in

DOUBLE TROUBLE

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS waited for Bold Ruler in the saddling barn at Gulfstream Park last Saturday and admitted he'd been gambling.

"A friend wanted to split some \$2 tickets, so we used my figures and lost five straight races," the great trainer confessed. "We bet it all on the nose and we got skinned."

"Well, it proves you're a dead game sport, anyhow," someone suggested.

"Nopie. It doesn't," Mr. Fitz shot back. "It means that today I don't know how to win at horses."

A few minutes later the majority of the 25,000 witnesses of the Florida Derby were in the same boat. For they bet on Bold Ruler against the Jones boys of Calumet, and they saw Eddie Arcaro aboard Bold Ruler suddenly look like he was fighting an octopus in a steamer trunk. Eddie and the Wheatley star simply were overwhelmed by the artful manner in which Gen. Duke and Iron Liege, ridden by Willie Hartack and Dave Erb, came and went and came again in the last half mile of the bitter battle, to furnish stark drama seldom equaled in horse racing.

Without doubt, we also witnessed the birth of a solid favorite for the Kentucky Derby next month. Gen. Duke won the Florida Derby in 1:46 and 4/5, equaling the world record for a mile and one-eighth, although there was some reason to suspect Iron Liege could have won it had Erb not chosen to hammer Bold Ruler whilst his partner, Hartack, went to the outside in the stretch for running room.

The Joneses—Ben, the old hand at winning around Louisville, and Jimmy, his son and no less a trainer—have packed up their "Kentucky division" and are moving into Lexington. They left their older horses and a few spares to mop up what was left of Florida's gold, but what was left didn't amount to much. For Calumet had walloped the exchequers at Tropical Park, Hialeah and Gulfstream for an astounding \$515,855—without doubt the greatest

haul by any racing stable in history for a comparable period.

By Derby time, incidentally, Barbi-zon also should be right and ready to try for Calumet's sixth and Ben's seventh victory at Churchill Downs. "We'll give him a taste of that blue grass and see what happens," Jimmy said. "There wasn't any need to push him too fast in Florida. . . ."

There certainly wasn't. Had Barbi-zon been a third party to Calumet's trial of Bold Ruler, Arcaro probably would be snapping at chair legs now.

Gen. Duke outbroke the others at the start but made no effort to retain the lead, as Federal Hill dashed for the front, with Arcaro moving Bold Ruler quickly yet in no real hurry into second position around the clubhouse turn—but Gen. Duke wasn't as modest here as expected. He stuck close to the leaders.

WASN'T READY

In contrast to his effort in the Flamingo—in which he was undone when Bold Ruler simply went away and left him—Hartack kept Gen. Duke in scratching distance of Bold Ruler through most of the back run, but when he made his first lunge at the Wheatley star he found Gen. Duke not yet ready.

"I asked something of him going into the far turn, but he wasn't going to give it yet," Hartack said later, "so I figured maybe I'd ask him again a 16th later. That time I asked him, he gave me all we needed."

Willie asked him as they turned down the stretch but, meanwhile, Arcaro was having his troubles with Iron Liege, heretofore the sprinter in the Calumet one-two assault force but now a late challenge. Federal Hill had done what he could, but he just didn't have enough to deal with the raging Calumet entry, and, as the drama unfolded, he stepped inside and let the heavyweights have at each other.

And they did, with Iron Liege inside

and Gen. Duke driving up on his flank. Arcaro was in a fix that quickly unraveled the gallant Bold Ruler, for Gen. Duke swept up and beyond. "He went by in a wink," said Arcaro. Iron Liege still was in a drive, and Arcaro admitted later that the No. 2 part of Calumet's entry was tough enough.

"I didn't know if Bold Ruler had any left but I hit him with the whip in my left hand and my horse got up again—I had no excuses; he didn't die on me," Arcaro said. "If we had to run it over again, I don't think I would have done differently. . . ."

Thus, of itself, is a testimonial to the power and speed of the Calumet pair, which today are topside in a 3-year-old group that has been compared favorably to the wonderful assortment of 1931 which included Equipose, Jamestown, Twenty Grand and Mate, or the 1948 season, which had Calumet's Citation and Coaltown.

The record time of Gen. Duke does not enter into this estimation, for Gulfstream's strip was faster than a sailor's eye and it was a day when platers and sore claimers looked like they were running downhill.

What does enter into the estimation is the obvious quality of Bold Ruler and, to a lesser extent, of Federal Hill, and the fact of Gen. Duke's superiority in the face of this pair and his dangerous stablemate, Iron Liege, with Barbi-zon still substantially untested.

It must be remembered that Gen. Duke, Bold Ruler and Federal Hill carried 122 pounds, and Iron Liege and Shan Far four less, at speeds and in circumstances that gave Floridians and a national TV audience all the best elements of great racing.

It could be that someone will un- cover a cannonball between now and the first Saturday of May and snatch the decision at Louisville from the Jones boys or their only threat up to now, Mr. Fitz. But the Californians appear to be out of it, and Gen. Duke, to date, is the boss.

After he had posed for pictures in a horseshoe of orchids with Jimmy, Ben Jones watched Gen. Duke walk calmly to the stable.

"That's the one that's been our white hope all along," he mused. "We've been waiting for him to get there, and he's there now. We bred his dam Wistful and his daddy Bull Lea and bred him for just the kind of race he ran today. . . ."

Which means the kind he will also run at Louisville, Pimlico and Belmont Park, when the honors are even more glittering. (END)

SUMMARY and REVIEW

by BEN HOGAN

with HERBERT WARREN WIND and drawings by ANTHONY RAVIELLI

THE material presented in this series of articles, as I said at the beginning, amounts to a sifting of the knowledge I have picked up during my 25 years as a professional golfer. I am hopeful that these articles will accomplish two things. First, I trust they will greatly increase the average player's enjoyment of this incredibly fascinating game by enabling him to become a real golfer with a sound, powerful, repeating swing. I feel sure they will do this for any player who gains a clear understanding of the fundamental movements (which we went into in the first four articles) and who will then continue to practice and familiarize himself with these fundamentals throughout this golf season. In this final article we will be putting the whole swing together as we review these modern fundamentals of golf.

And second—I hope that this series will serve as a body of knowledge that will lead to further advances in our understanding of the golf swing. Every year we learn a little more about golf. Each new chunk of valid knowledge paves the way to greater knowledge. Golf is like medicine and the other fields of science in this respect. In another 15 years, just as there will be many new discoveries in medicine based on and made possible by present-day strides, we will similarly have refined and extended our present-day knowledge of golf. A golfer, as I see it, has 15 or 20 really productive years—years in which his efforts to realize his full potential as a golfer lead him to speculate about and experiment with every phase of technique, continuously and intensively. He can only find out so much. There are only so many days in a week and only so much daylight in a day. Had I, as a young man starting out in professional golf in 1931, known then what I have managed to learn by 1957 and been able to start my experimentation at this more advanced point, I would have been privileged to have possibly made more advanced contributions during my best productive years. Other younger men will have that immense pleasure and privilege.

I was thinking the other day, "What a long time I have been learning about golf!" I must have been about 13 when I started to work on my game conscientiously. I was caddying then at the Glen Garden club in Fort Worth, and I took a member named Ed Stewart as my model. A very fine amateur, Stewart was a workman who couldn't afford

to play too often, and none of the other boys wanted to become his regular caddy. That suited me fine. I caddied for him whenever he played and studied his swing and his shotmaking technique closely. Then I'd go and compare my swing with his and try to improve mine by copying certain of Stewart's movements that were obviously correct and desirable.

The first really important change I effected was the action of my left knee. Mine used to shoot straight out when I took the club back. Ed Stewart's knee, I noticed, broke in nicely to the right. I practiced correcting my knee action on the lawn at home until there was no lawn left. In the neighborhood where our family lived, each of the houses had a small lawn that was separated from the others by hedges. The grocery store was about six houses or six lawns away. Whenever my mother sent me to the store for a loaf of bread or a pound of butter or whatever it was, I never walked to the store, I always played to it, sometimes chipping from one lawn to the next, sometimes settling the lawn two or three hedges away as my "green," sometimes hitting to the farthest "green" with a full nine-iron shot—all the time checking my left knee action or whatever phase of my swing I was working on. I doubt if my practice improved the looks of the neighborhood, but it was awfully good for my game.

In golf, you know, you learn some things very early and other things surprisingly late. For example, take just three of the several elements I now regard as absolutely fundamental to any and every good swing: the proper waggle, the proper hip turn, and the proper backswing plane. I came to understand the value of the waggle comparatively early: I was just starting to follow the circuit in 1932 when I learned from observing Johnny Revolta and talking with him that the genius of the short game geared himself for the different demands of each shot around the greens by modifying his waggle to suit that particular shot. Say he had to pop the ball over a bunker and have it put on the brakes immediately. He'd waggle with sharp, staccato, jabby strokes, a "coming attraction" of the stroke he'd use to clip the ball the way it had to be clipped to produce maximum bite. Or say he was pitching the ball to land on a selected point on a slippery green and was going to let the ball trickle the rest

of the way to the cup down a side slope. He'd gear himself then with delicate, little pencil-stroke waggles that seemed to be all finger tips. And so on and on—an individual waggle for each different chip shot in his marvelous repertoire. It struck me that it would be a very intelligent thing to use this method of Johnny's not only for my short shots but to adapt it also for my full shots. I began to do so immediately.

Not long after this—in the middle 1930s, I would say—I got the correct hip-turn action clear in my mind, mainly from studying newsreel movies of the best golfers in action. It wasn't until 1938, though, that I grasped the concept of the plane. I'd been thinking sporadically about the plane for some time before that, examining the plane on which the batter swings in baseball and making some tentative suppositions about the golfer's plane. Yet it wasn't until I really began to worry about the unreliability of my backswing that I was driven to conduct a serious investigation of the plane. Long before I fully understood what the plane did for you and why it worked out that way, I realized that I had hit on something of tremendous significance for me. On the winter circuit, as we traveled from tournament to tournament, I would be up in my hotel room night after night studying my backswing plane in the full-length mirror, trying to memorize it so well I would instinctively swing back the same way time after time.

In the seasons before the war, as I learned more and more about the golf swing and how to play golf, I enjoyed increasing success on the tournament circuit. Nevertheless, I never felt genuinely confident about my game until 1946. Up to that year, while I knew once I was on the course and playing well that I had the stuff that day to make a good

showing, before a round I had no idea whether I'd be 69 or 79. I felt my game might suddenly go sour on any given morning. I had no assurance that if I was a little off my best form I could still produce a respectable round. My friends on the tour used to tell me that I was silly to worry, that I had a grooved swing and had every reason to have confidence in it. But my self-doubting never stopped. Regardless of how well I was going, I was still concerned about the next day and the next day and the next.

In 1946 my attitude suddenly changed. I honestly began to feel that I could count on playing fairly well each time I went out, that there was no practical reason for me to feel I might suddenly "lose it all." I would guess that what lay behind my new confidence was this: I had stopped trying to do a great many difficult things perfectly because it had become clear in my mind that this ambitious over-thoroughness was neither possible nor advisable, or even necessary. All you needed to groove were the fundamental movements—and there weren't so many of them. Moreover, they were movements that were basically controllable and so could be executed fairly well whether you happened to be sharp or not so sharp that morning. I don't know what came first, the chicken or the egg, but at about the same time I began to feel that I had the stuff to play creditable golf even when I was not at my best, my shot-making started to take on a new and more stable consistency. **THE BASIS FOR THIS PROGRESS, LET ME REPEAT, WAS MY GENUINE CONVICTION THAT ALL THAT IS REALLY REQUIRED TO PLAY GOOD GOLF IS TO EXECUTE PROPERLY A RELATIVELY SMALL NUMBER OF TRUE FUNDAMENTAL MOVEMENTS.**

Now that we have gone into the swing, stage by stage, from the grip to the finish, I think it would be extremely instructive to "wind the swing back" and see what are the key fundamental actions a golfer performs to move correctly from one position to another.

To begin with, what does a golfer do to arrive at the correct position at the finish of his swing?

As we have said, the follow-through is not the result of any specific new actions in the last stages of the swing. The proper chain-action movement plus the clubhead speed it builds carry the golfer all the way through to a perfect finish. The golfer is bound to follow through correctly, PROVIDED HE COMES INTO THE BALL AND HITS THROUGH THE BALL CORRECTLY.

continued



I find it is helpful if I put down after practicing exactly what I have been working on and precisely how it was coming along



All right, then. What are the major things a golfer must do to be correctly poised and positioned as he hits through the ball?

He will be essentially correct in the impact area if he learns to execute three major movements. 1) He must initiate the downswing by turning the hips to the left. 2) He must hit through to the finish of his swing in one cohesive movement, hitting with his hips, shoulders, arms and hands, in that order. 3) He must start to supinate his left wrist just before impact. This is, essentially, all he need concentrate on, **PROVIDED HE IS IN THE CORRECT POSITION AT THE TOP OF HIS BACKSWING.**



How does a golfer get himself to this correct position at the top of the backswing?

He will be essentially correct when he arrives at the top of his backswing if he 1) waggles properly; 2) starts back with his hands, arms and shoulders and lets his shoulders turn his hips; and 3) stays on his plane throughout his backswing. These are all the movements he has to work on during his backswing, **PROVIDED HE IS CORRECTLY POSITIONED AND POISED AT ADDRESS.**



And, finally, what makes up this correct position at address? The answer, of course, is a correct stance and posture and a correct grip.

Now, that isn't so many key fundamental movements to remember and work on. I believe it comes to eight. The whole swing starts with the grip and builds from there. Each correct movement is linked with and sets up the next ensuing movement. The whole swing is chain action.

When a certain phase of your swing is not functioning properly, I would suggest that you refresh your knowledge of that particular phase (by rereading the pertinent pages in the earlier chapters) and then working things out on the practice tee. **AND WHETHER YOU ARE PRACTICING OR PLAYING, SCHOOL YOURSELF TO THINK IN TERMS OF THE CAUSE AND NOT THE RESULT.** Let me illustrate what I mean by this. Say a golfer picks his head up and mis-hits his shot badly. His partner will usually tell him, "You didn't keep your head down," as if that were the true cause of his poor shot. It isn't. The true cause was some faulty movement in the golfer's swing that made him pull his head up. For example, if the golfer starts down from the top with his shoulders or his hands and not with his hips, he can't possibly hold his head where it should be. If you are swinging correctly, on the other hand, you can't look at anything but the ball.

Let us briefly review now some of the significant positions and movements that you would do well to practice and check as you work to build a correct, powerful, repeating swing.

THE GRIP

LEFT HAND



Place the club so that the shaft is pressed up under the muscular pad of the heel and also lies across top joint of



the forefinger. The main pressure points are the last three fingers and the heel pad. The V should point to right eye

RIGHT HAND



A finger grip. The shaft should lie across top joint of the fingers, definitely below palma. The two middle fingers apply



most of the pressure. Practice with the thumb and the forefinger off the shaft. The V points directly to the chin

COMPLETED GRIP

Both hands should work together as one unit. The little finger of the right hand locks into the groove between forefinger and big finger of left. The left thumb should fit snugly into the cup of right palm



diagram showing correct location of calluses

continued

STANCE AND POSTURE

There is one correct basic stance: the right foot is square to the line, the left foot is pointed out a quarter turn. On a five-iron, the feet should be set apart the width of the shoulders. The stance widens for the longer clubs, narrows for shorter clubs. It is extremely important to keep the elbows and the arms as close together as possible. Remember, too: the knees point in



Right elbow should point directly to the right hip



Left elbow should point directly to the left hip



When you bend the knees, upper trunk remains erect



Correct stance will permit proper amount of hip turn

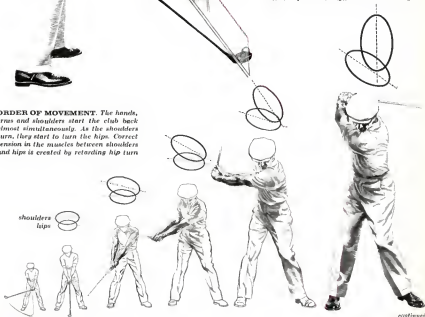
THE FIRST PART of the SWING



THE WAGGLE. When the player waggles the club back, right elbow should hit the front part of the right hip. As the lower part of his left arm rotates on the back waggle, the golfer actually gets on backswing plane

THE PLANE. Backswing plane (left) inclines upward from the ball through the shoulders. As arms approach hip level on backswing, they should be moving parallel with the plane and should remain parallel with the plane throughout the backswing

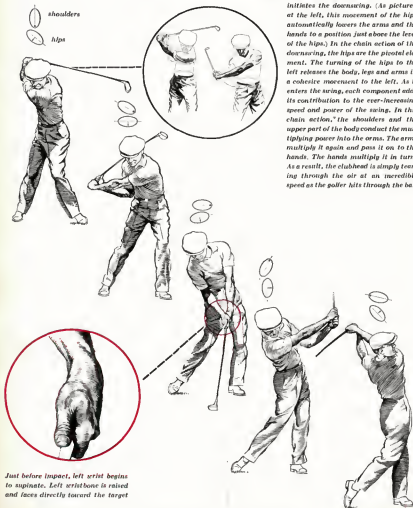
ORDER OF MOVEMENT. The hands, arms and shoulders start the club back almost simultaneously. As the shoulders turn, they start to turn the hips. Correct tension in the muscles between shoulders and hips is created by retarding hip turn



continued

THE SECOND PART of the SWING

The turning of the hips back to the left initiates the downswing. (As pictured at the left, this movement of the hips automatically lowers the arms and the hands to a position just above the level of the hips.) In the chain action of the downswing, the hips are the pivotal element. The turning of the hips to the left releases the body, legs and arms in a cohesive movement to the left. As it enters the swing, each component adds its contribution to the ever-increasing speed and power of the swing. In this chain action, the shoulders and the upper part of the body conduct the multiplying power into the arms. The arms multiply it again and pass it on to the hands. The hands multiply it in turn. As a result, the clubhead is simply tearing through the air at an incredible speed as the golfer hits through the ball.



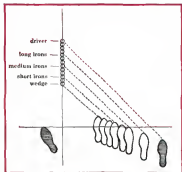
Just before impact, left wrist begins to supinate. Left wristbone is raised and faces directly toward the target

The golf swing we have presented in this series is the essential golf swing, stripped down to its authentic fundamentals. They are all the golfer needs in order to develop a correct, powerful swing that will repeat. If he learns to execute these fundamental movements—and there is no movement in this swing which a man or woman of average coordination cannot perform—he will continue to become a more and more skillful player. He will not have to worry constantly about his timing, for example, as does the player who thinks he can construct a swing on hand action and who, since this is impossible, is doomed to be erratic. The golfer whose swing is founded on chain action cannot help but have timing. The swing is already timed for him. The chain action itself is the timing.

There is another basic virtue and value in this method we have presented: the golfer has to learn only one swing. **HE USES THE SAME FUNDAMENTAL SWING FOR EVERY SHOT HE PLAYS.** On all standard shots the ball should be spotted in the same position relative to the left foot. (I spot it a half inch to an inch inside the left heel, toward the right foot.) You can, to be sure, play the ball a shade farther forward or back—it varies from individual to individual, depending on the spot that is the lowest point in his swing. In any event, the relative position of the left foot and the ball remains constant. When you narrow the width of the stance to accommodate the shorter shafts of the irons, you do this by moving the right foot progressively closer to the left foot and toward the ball.

Whether you are playing a full driver or a five-iron or a wedge, you make no conscious variation in the way you perform your swing. Without your knowing it, your swing will change slightly as the length of the shaft of the club changes. (My driver, for example, is 43 inches long; my two-iron, 38½ inches; my five, 37 inches; my wedge, 34½ inches.) The shorter the shaft, the closer the player must stand to the ball. His plane accordingly becomes more upright and the length of his arc is naturally shortened.

When you shorten your arc, you have less time on your swing to get your left hip out of the way. That is why I make—and suggest you make—a mild modification when you are playing the clubs from the six-iron down to the wedge: **GET THE LEFT HIP OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO PLAY YOUR STROKE.** You do this by setting your right foot a bit nearer the ball at address, as the diagram below illustrates.



This has the effect of drawing the left foot back from the direct line and turning the left hip a bit to the left—opening the hip a shade, in other words. When you play the clubs from the six-iron down with your body in this position, you still feel like you're taking a full swing. Actually you're not. You have placed a further restriction on the length of your arc. You will sacrifice some distance as a result—the club cannot travel so fast on a shorter arc—but what you lose in distance you more than make up for in direction. When you're playing the short irons, accuracy, of course, is the primary consideration.



The golfer-reader who has applied himself with some diligence during the four weeks of this "correspondence course" should already be well on his way to developing a correct, repeating swing. However, you cannot expect to acquire a real control of the correct movements in just a month's time. You must continue to work on these fundamentals throughout this golf season, both on the course and on the practice tee. Through this steady familiarization you will gradually come to execute the movements of the swing more easily and more efficiently. By the end of this current golf season—as soon as that—an average golfer who has applied himself intelligently should be coming close to breaking 80 or actually break 80. And he will find that he will continue to improve, which is the greatest pleasure of all.

The familiarization that the golfer will gain over the course of just one season of abiding by and practicing the fundamentals will begin to make the correct movements second nature for him. The more he can trust his swing to muscle memory, the more attention he can then turn to managing his golf—that is, thinking out the proper strategy for playing each hole, deciding which of the alternate routes to the pin is the wise one under the immediate conditions, playing the right kind of shot to suit the terrain and the elements, meeting, in short, the ever-fresh challenge which a fine golf hole presents to a man who understands the game and has the necessary equipment to play it well.

I have always thought of golf as the best of all games—the most interesting, the most demanding, the most rewarding. I cannot begin to express the gratification I have always felt in being a part of a game with such a wonderful flavor and spirit, a game which has produced such superb champions and attractive personalities as Harry Vardon, Francis Ouimet, Bob Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret—to name only a few of the great players. I have found the game to be, in all factualness, a universal language wherever I traveled at home or abroad. I have really enjoyed every minute I have spent in golf—above all, the many wonderful friends I have made. I have loved playing the game and practicing it. Whether my schedule for the following day called for a tournament round or merely a trip to the practice tee, the prospect that there was going to be golf in it made me feel privileged and extremely happy, and I couldn't wait for the sun to come up the next morning so that I could get out on the course again.

FARRELL OF THE INDIANS

continued from page 31



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Association, he and Nell were married. "Since then," he says with a hoarse, almost raspy drawl which sounds like rocks scraping against each other in a Tennessee creek, "I haven't had to worry about anything but baseball." Together they traveled on, through Greenville and Canton and Erie, where Kerby got his first managing job in 1941, and finally to the Boston Braves in 1943. It was there that Farrell first ran into a man named Casey Stengel; in a pre-season workout, during infield drill, a ball off Stengel's bat took a bad hop and broke Kerby's nose.

"He gave me trouble then," says Farrell, "and I guess he'll give me more now. But as far as I'm concerned, Casey will always be all right. He brought me all the way from Class C to the majors and he gave me a job. 'You got a family?' he asked me. I told him I had a wife. 'Well, you can bring her on up,' he said, 'I don't know where you'll play but you'll be up here all year.' And I was."

Farrell hit .268 as a first baseman and did some relief pitching but the next year he was down with Indianapolis. After a .293 season, the White Sox bought him, and he played there in 1945, hitting .258. Then it was back to the minors and back to his interrupted managerial career.

"I could run and I could throw," he says now, "but I never was a major league hitter—and I knew it. But I was pretty lucky. I had managed before I got up there, so I spent a lot of time looking around and watching and learning—and I had some pretty good managers, both in the majors and minors, to learn from: Stengel and Dykes and Southworth and Prothro and Hudlin."

He won a pennant at Spartanburg in 1947, the year after Ben Kerby Farrell was born and the season that Dixie Amanda Farrell came along. He dropped to seventh in '48 but after that spent seven of the next eight years in the first division. There was a pennant at Reading in '53, another at Indianapolis in '54 (which earned Farrell the Sporting News award as Minor League Manager of the Year) and still another at Indianapolis in '56. The last, in which he came from nine games behind in late July to beat Denver by five, not only wrapped up another Manager of the Year title but won for Kerby the chance to succeed Al Lopez as manager of the Indians.

"It was the hardest winter of our



NELL FARRELL and daughter Dixie root for Indians from box seat near dugout

life," says Nell Farrell, who can smile when she says it now. "Mr. Greenberg told Kerby at the World Series to sit tight, that he might have something for him. So we went back home to Henderson and sat tight—for two months. The phone would ring, and it would be somebody offering Kerby a good minor league job—and each time I'd say 'Take it.' But he'd just shake his head and say no and hang up, and there we would sit some more. Somebody wrote a story saying that we didn't move away from that telephone for all that time. Well, we went out once in a while—but we always made sure somebody was around to answer it just in case."

AND THEN IT RANG

In any event, Kerby Farrell, who is a great fan of the University of Tennessee football team, didn't see a single football game last fall and he stuck his beloved duck gun in the closet and there it sat until the phone finally rang with the one big call. All Farrell said was "Yea."

Winning ball games, to Kerby Farrell, is the most important thing there is. But win or lose, Farrell is a worrier. He is a dugout pacer who takes the ball game home with him at night and, as Nell Farrell says, there is no necessity for anyone to second-guess him "because he's always second-guessing himself. If he needs any help," she adds, "I'm always there to tell him exactly how to run the team—although I

usually don't get very far. He just tells me to take care of the kitchen and he'll take care of the pitching." He also gets up very early in the morning—probably to get a head start on the other worriers in the league—and will sit up until the wee hours after a game, drinking coffee and replaying the whole thing, sometimes pitch by pitch, as long as anyone will listen. In this way Farrell has gained a reputation as a great coffee drinker, but his wife doesn't think he really cares that much about it. "It's just an excuse," she says, "to sit up and talk baseball."

He has also been accused of using tablecloths to plot lineup changes, and writers who were with him at Indianapolis say he leaves the history of the pennant race behind him in pencil marks on the linen of restaurants where the team eats.

But he has never had an ulcer in his life ("You don't lose with your stomach, you lose with your head"), and the young ballplayers—and because he has been with the Cleveland organization for 10 years, the 1957 Indians are loaded with his former pupils—swear by him as a teacher and a fair man. "He'll chew you out, maybe," says Larry Raines, the flashy shortstop, "but he'll never do it in front of anybody else. And when he does, you always deserve it."

"I think he's a patient man," says Rocco Colavito, who was almost Rookie of the Year in the American League last season. "Sure, he gets excited, just like any other manager. But he'll work hard with you and he doesn't play favorites."

Kerby Farrell is a ballplayer of the old school himself, and he knew of only one way to treat the broken noses and broken fingers and spike-knashed legs which marked his career ("You just taped it up and kept playing"), but he is willing to make allowances now for any of his young men with physical aches and pains. "Were we tougher?" he growls. "Naw, I think maybe we were just stupider."

But he will insist upon hustle for Farrell is a hustler himself. "You're only out there for two hours," he will say. "It's not asking too much to give it everything you've got," and he had the word HUSTLE written all over the clubhouse at Indianapolis. When he moves on the field, he moves at a jog, and baseball writers used to finding such quiescent sages as Stengel or Lopez anchored firmly in the dugout sometimes can't find Farrell at all. He may be in the dugout one minute, at

continued

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FARRELL OF THE INDIANS

continued

the batting cage the next, in the outfield a minute later and even up in the stands. "I guess I'm just not used to having all this help," he says, looking toward his three coaches, Mel Harder, Red Kress and Stanky, and the player-coach, Jim Hegan. "I sit here for a minute and then I have to get up and do something. I grab a bat and hit some fungoes if nothing else. You can't let those outfielders just stand around."

It is certain that the Indians will run. This spring they have worked at a sliding pit which was not even there before. Stanky has put in hours getting each individual ballplayer to learn the maximum lead he can take and still get back to base. And in the spring games, base runners have been taking chances which are often foolhardy, it is true, but chances which are designed to show Farrell and the player himself just what he really can do.

HIT AND RUN, RUN, RUN

This also ties in with the way Farrell believes the game should be played in the first place. "Our business," he says, "is to please the fans, and it's only natural to like an aggressive, running type of ball club. The accent is on speed everywhere these days: planes, cars—and ball clubs. I think a runner sliding in with the winning run from second after a single to the outfield is more fun than winning with a home run." The Indians are so concerned with speed, in fact, that Farrell just grinned when Stanky was caught driving 75 in a 60-mph zone between Scottsdale and Tucson and fined \$20.

Whatever comes out, the Indians are almost sure to find themselves wrapped up in another battle with the Red Sox, White Sox and Tigers for second place. One day a Cleveland writer asked Casey Stengel what he thought of Farrell as a manager.

"All I know about Farrell," said Casey, "is that he wins in the Eastern League and he wins in the American Association and he comes from eight, nine games behind and he beats out my Denver club that I gotta get a left fielder and maybe a pitcher from and he beats me again in the playoff and then he beats Rochester in the Little World Series. All I know is that if you're a manager and you win all the time you're a genius."

Which would make two in the American League this year. But Casey has seniority.

END



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TROUT 1957

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

From the Catskills to High Sierra the nation's trout seasons are opening. Here is a survey of top streams

WICKER CREELS hung beneath flaring apple trees on the banks of New York's fabled Esopus remind the restive angler with nostalgic eloquence that April, the month of the trout, is again upon him. In a matter of days, from East to Far West, he will follow the compelling call, ignoring the sudden freshet which hopelessly roils his pet stream or the dying touch of winter which skims his lake with ice—for his is a passion bred of tradition.

By April's end the waters of 34 states will be formally open to trout fishing, and laggards soon will follow as spring finds its way to snowbound high country. Only seven states bear no trout, so by June 1 the nation's 10 species will be fair game for an awesome host of some 20 million fresh-water anglers, a host for which state and federal fisheries biologists have been quietly laboring for many months. Already Wyoming has stocked more than 5 million fish in its myriad of streams. Yet the angler there, as in many other western states, still creels three native trout to every hatchery-reared one. In the urban East the ratio of wild to tame is radically reversed, but even if eastern

trout are largely stocked that can scarcely dampen the pleasures of a blue sky, the raucous voice of water tumbling over rock and riffle and all the other intangibles which lend trout fishing its very particular flavor. And, for the truly dedicated, like A. Wells Peck of Connecticut, shown on the cover, there are the ancient and ponderous brown trout in the pools of such hallowed eastern streams as the Broadheads and Beaverkill. They are lords of their pools, and when in the twilight they rise to a fluttering moth anglers are stricken to reverent silence. These are the special quarry of the practiced and the patient, the disciples of Theodore Gordon, George LaBranche, Edward Hewitt and other high priests of the venerable art of fly angling. To them a spinning rod is a sacrilege, a worm an abomination. But, for all trout anglers, the purists as well as that legion which simply likes to go fishing, April is the door to long-awaited days on stream and lake. Below, from special correspondents in every corner of the land, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the latest reports on what awaits them as the season opens.

THE TROUT CALENDAR, STATE BY STATE

Arizona. Season open all year. Rain and snow have refreshed dry streams, and conditions are excellent. Best fishing is in the northern half of the state, especially in the White Mountains, where the wilderness streams of the Apache Reservation are giving up some fat trout. Visiting anglers must purchase a special \$6 license from the Indians, but fishing on the White River and remote lakes is well worth the price. And Apaches will act as guides if you are unfamiliar with the country.

Arkansas. Season open all year. Flow of cold water from Bull Shoals and Norfork dams has turned White and Northfork rivers into two of the nation's top trout streams. Five-pound rainbows and brownies biting regularly, and a few anglers report taking 10-pounders.

California. General season runs from April 27 to Oct. 31 but special local regulations

should be checked. Most waters are now at normal height, and Sierra snowpack is heavy enough to promise an excellent late-summer runoff. Good bets for opening day include Crowley Lake, Owens River and Hot Creek on east slope of the Sierra. Latter is early-season hot spot for dry-fly artists. West Slope of Sierra may be spotting, but the Kern River from the gorge to Luchella Lake offers fair possibilities. Trinity Alps area and Trinity and Klamath River watersheds will probably be snowbound. However, Almanar and Shasta lakes are now open.

Colorado. May 18 to Oct. 31. New stocking of trout plus carryover from 21,136,522 put in last year promises healthy catch in Colorado. Exceptionally heavy snowpack in such important regions as the Colorado, Arkansas and South Platte drainage areas guarantees optimum water levels throughout season.

Connecticut. April 20 to Oct. 31. Rain needed, but general outlook is good, with 53 ponds and over 200 streams scheduled for state stocking. Most trout angling in Connecticut is put-and-take, but smart fishermen can take sleek sea-run browns in Latimer's Brook and in the Hammonasset, West, Farm and Saugatuck rivers.

Delaware. April 13 to Aug. 10. There is virtually no trout fishing in Delaware. Exceptions are White Clay Creek and Mill Creek, both stocked with Pennsylvania-hatched trout.

Georgia. April 1 to Oct. 15; lakes open all year. Lake Burton and other Georgia and TVA power project lakes in fine condition, with chunky rainbows taking to streamers and trolled spoons. Streams are at normal height, and opening-day anglers report gratifying results.

continued

TROUT 1957

continued

Idaho. General season runs from June 4 to Nov. 30 but special local regulations should be checked. Some low-altitude ponds and streams already open, but high country still under snow and ice. Best fishing excellent on the Middle Fork of the Salmon. Snake River very productive, particularly at American Falls below Glens Ferry and at Strike Dam. Thousand Springs still yielding five-pounders where clear spring water pours into the Snake. For airhoney anglers, a few Primitive Area landing strips are open, such as Thomas Creek, Loon Creek, Mahoney Bar, Flying B and Taylor's, but these are warned to watch out for game on all landing strips. Indian and Sulphur Creek strips are still snowed in.

Maine. April 1 to Aug. 15 for brooks and streams. Stream temperatures are low and heavy runoff is anticipated. Ice in lakes, however, is breaking up early, and Moosehead, Bangley, East and West Grand lakes should be clear in two weeks.

Maryland. April 15 to Sept. 15. Streams are expected to be normal and clear this week. By opening day more than 100,000 legal-size seven-inch rainbows, browns and brookies will have been stocked in at least 36 creeks. Big Hunting Creek in Frederick County near Thurmont will be open to fly angling only, but Savage River, Fishing Creek, Jones Falls and Beech Run are unrestricted.

Massachusetts. April 20 to Feb. 28. Shadown, Ipsworth and Deerfield rivers are normal and clear, but best fishing in Massachusetts is on Cape Cod, where Goose, Peter's, Flax and other reclaimed pond-brook large browns and where small tidal streams still yield sea-run brookies.

Michigan. April 27 to Sept. 8. Lower Peninsula conditions indicate that opening day will find streams normal or slightly low. In western state watershed there is little or no snowpack in headwater swamps of Tamarack, Little Muskegon, Hensley Creek, White River, other excellent streams in Muskegon River system. Same applies to tributaries of Pere Marquette and Manistee. South Boardman is decidedly on low side. Early dry flies may be effective. Possibility exists of heavy runoff on Sturgeon, Pigeon and in Black River system; but Orquette, Au Sable, Au Gres and Tittabawassee in eastern watershed are all low and gin-clear. Lamprey depredations have seriously cut spawning runs of large rainbows at spots like Tippey Dam on the Manistee and all along Platte, Betsy and Au Gres rivers. However, Sturgeon River is relatively free of eels, so rainbow run there should be good.

New Hampshire. April 22 to Sept. 2 for hot casters; fly-fishing till Oct. 31, except in Coos County, which closes Oct. 15. Majority of northern ponds and lakes will still be frozen by opening day, but early

ice-out is expected. It will leave northern streams still either rolled or cold, with fishing poor. However, in southern streams, like the Souhegan at Milford, the South Branch of the Piscataquis at New Boston and Ingles River at Stratford, there may be early fly activity. Best stream angling will be in May, when far northern Connecticut River and other stream water in that region reaches warmer temperatures.

New Jersey. April 13 to Nov. 30. Opening-day anglers will be lucky to find cooling runs in state's generously stocked streams. Nevertheless, Big Flat Brook, South Branch of the Raritan, the Passaic and the Musconongcong can all provide pleasant fishing, particularly on uncrowded weekdays.

New York. April 13 to Sunday after Labor Day. Adirondack waters will still be cold but open though streams in lower part of state are in excellent condition. Famed Fly Tyer Harry Dabcoe reports little snow in Catskill back country and says that the Willowemoc and Beaverkill are in the best shape he has seen for years. Local spots have spotted isolated early hatches on the Schoharie, Esopus, Ten Mile and Neversink. Lake trout opened April 1, with good catches on Catherine Creek, a tributary of Seneca Lake, one of the larger Finger Lakes.

North Carolina. April 6 to Aug. 31, except in Alleghany, Ashe and Watauga counties, where season closes July 31. Outlook good for opening day, with more than a thousand miles of streams in the state's westernmost counties stocked and waiting for anglers. Some streams, such as Fries Creek, Hurricane Creek, Hickory Fork, Lower South Mills River and others have open fishing dates, and state regulations must be checked.

Pennsylvania. April 15 to Sept. 2. Water a bit high now in 52 lakes and 4,444 miles of streams stocked by state. Barring heavy rain, however, levels should be normal on opening day. Tomesia Creek and its branches are favorites in western part of state. Eastwaters heading, as usual, for time-honored Pocono streams such as the Broadheads. Further south in limestone belt the Yellow Breeches affords excellent angling. Most warming news is that once-famous Big Spring has just been rehabilitated, cleaned up by volunteer citizens and is once more a fine trout stream.

South Dakota. Season open all year. Ice now breaking up, and anglers in Black Hills country getting ready to go after large native stocks of brown, rainbow and brook trout.

Tennessee. March 15 to Sept. 30, except tall waters of dams, which are open all year. Despite early floods in some areas, general conditions are good. Anglers report heavy catches from such popular waters as Tellico River, Coates Creek watershed, Doe Creek, Beaver Dam Creek and Abrams Creek in Great Smoky Mountains National



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INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE

Park. State stocks 63 streams and approximately 100 miles of open water in the Yellowstone Wildlife Management Area watershed.

Washington. Lowland lakes open April 14, streams and high lakes May 19. General closing is Oct. 31, but special local regulations should be checked. Fine lowland opener is predicted for Washington. Biologist Clarence Fautsch advises that ice capping of west-side lakes has kept bottom water shielded and warm and discouraged wild fowl production. Lakes in all but the extreme northwest are 4° to 5° warmer than usual. All streams are in heavy runoff, but angling for cutthroat and rainbow will be productive in another five or six weeks. Best lakes for April 14 are Silver, Toad and Cala in Whatcom County, Deer and Lone in Island County, Hummel on Lopez Island, Cascade on Orcas Island, Ki and Serene in Snohomish County, Meridian, Steel and Shadow lakes in King County, Clear Lake in Bald Hills in Thurston County, Jamison in Douglas County, Horseshoe in Kitsap County, and Grant County's famous Blue Lake. Skagit County will be somewhat slow.

Wyoming. General season is from May 1 to Oct. 31, but Wyoming seasons open by area and state regulations should be checked. East Fork of the Sweetwater and the Little Poudre Agie look promising for opening day but require some hiking. Other famous Wyoming waters like Shoshone, Wind, Snake, Gros Ventre, Yellowstone, Big Horn rivers will get annual heavy pressure and surrender annual heavy catch of native trout. Central and east central areas of the state will not be up to snuff because of critical drought conditions.

OTHER OPENINGS FOR 1957

Alaska. No closed season.
Indiana. Streams, May 1 to Aug. 31; lakes, no closed season.
Iowa. No closed season.
Kentucky. No closed season.
Minnesota. 23 northern streams, April 1-Oct. 31. General, May 4 to Sept. 15.
Missouri. March 1 to Oct. 31.
Montana. May 26 to Nov. 30 with local variations.
Nebraska. No closed season.
Nevada. May 12 to Oct. 31 with local variations.
New Mexico. May 1 to Nov. 30 with local variations.
North Dakota. May 11 to Sept. 30.
Oklahoma. No closed season.
Oregon. April 27 to Oct. 31.
Rhode Island. April 20 to Oct. 21.
South Carolina. Jan. 1 to Oct. 1.
Utah. June 1 to Oct. 6.
Vermont. Streams, May 1 to Aug. 14; lakes, May 10 to Aug. 31.
Virginia. April 13 to Dec. 31.
West Virginia. April 27 to Oct. 10.
Wisconsin. May 1 to Sept. 7 with local variations.

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PENNANTS ARE WON IN THE SPRING

by FRANK FRISCH

So said old John McGraw; and so says one of his great stars, who notes that at least one team is going back to sturdy old-fashioned training

THIS OLD MAN, John J. McGraw, used to say, "The team that gets off to a good start wins pennants." McGraw drove the Giants through spring training with a relentless intimidation that had us all wishing we'd taken up steeple-jacking for a trade. Now Fred Haney seems to have gotten the same idea. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reports (March 18) that the "new" Milwaukee Braves have been out on the field, sunshine or downpour, from 10:30 to 4:30, sliding, practicing starts, run-downs and cutoff plays, and running every place. They didn't last year. Like some other major leaguers, they trained in country club surroundings, played golf, swam and, about two hours every day, played ball. Haney thought the boys would hate his guts for the tough schedule, but they like it. The Braves may finally win the pennant because they've been training seriously.

The Giants of long ago won their pennants in the spring. During my first spring training at San Antonio in 1926 I woke at seven and walked four miles to the ball park. At nine I was jogging around the field on a five-lap workout. I hit, fielded, threw and slid until noon. I lunched on cheese sandwiches and milk. I hit, fielded, threw and slid until dusk and exhaustion. I walked four miles back to the Menger Hotel. I dined on thick Kansas City beef, holly-sat and tumbled into bed.

I slept the sleep of the slave. I was always hungry. One noon I was so hungry that I hopped a truck to the hotel and feasted on a six-course luncheon. Mr. McGraw confronted me on my return. "You son of a rich Dutch merchant, you college rockhead, you?" he

bellowed. "Next time I catch you riding anywhere I'll fine you five bucks a mile! You know what legs are for."

In a calmer moment Mr. McGraw explained: "When a man's legs are in shape, he's in shape." He made so sure that my legs were in perfect shape that I led the National League in stolen bases in 1921, 1927 and 1931.

Many modern training camps are little colleges of baseball knowledge, equipped with classrooms, visual aid charts, pitching machines, psychologists and sundry professors. Mr. McGraw delivered no lectures. His language was salty, punchy and profane. He called each Giant by his last name or by a sobriquet, mine being "Cement-head." He'd had little formal education and saw no reason why a man should know more than how to play

winning baseball. And to play winning baseball a man had to hit his peak of physical perfection in the spring.

He made me concentrate not on what I did best but on what I did worst. I could not slide to my left until he made me slide to my left a few thousand times. I could not hit southpaws until he ordered me to switch-hit in a few thousand practice swings. Southpaws became my meat.

Each April when we arrived at the Polo Grounds, I was 10 pounds underweight. "Stop griping, Cementhead!" he barked. "You'll pick up poundage loafing on rainy days." He slapped my belly. "Keep those guts flat!"

One morning we trudged to the San Antonio ball park and found no Mr. McGraw. We took our time dressing. We lounged on the bench. Casey Stengel walloped me with a wet towel. Bill Cunningham dropped ice down a rookie's neck. We skipped pepper practice. We frolicked in the field. Casey caught a fly ball in his cap.

Suddenly, from an upper tier in the center field bleachers, resounded the voice of doom "Ya hunsa! Ya zeh, huy, good-for-nothing, soldiering rumsdums! Puttin' something over on the Old Man, are ya? Two hours extra practice after today's game!"

One spring night in my rookie year four roughhousing veterans invaded my hotel room. A pillow flew through a window, landing on a high iron fence.

Rookies were not supposed to talk back during a hazing, but I did. "If that's the way you want it, toss out the rest of the junk!"

Ashttrays, an inkwell and anything loose and handy rained down on the



OLDTIME WORKOUT found Player Frisch warily towel-wet at day's end.



PRESENT-DAY LEISURE finds Frisch relaxing at New Rochelle, N.Y., home with pet springer spaniels. Out of baseball, Frisch confines activities to TV, writing and lectures.

court. The clatter roused guests all over the place. The phone rang and the boys ran out. Then Mr. McGraw burst into my room. I had sat on the bed throughout the performance, but I didn't dare say so. In fact, I couldn't say anything, for Mr. McGraw was thundering oaths at me. "You're fined two-fifty for being a yellow-livered weakling!" he roared—and he didn't mean \$2.50, either.

I made three hits the next day. Mr. McGraw forgot to collect my fine. It was his way of teaching me to fight back, and more memorable than a thousand lectures on courage, spirit and the will to win. Mr. McGraw impressed us with the fact that we were members of baseball's greatest team, and he was our God-given leader. We feared, admired and sometimes worshipped him from March until October, when the World Series ended. He infected us with his own self-confidence, the prerequisite to team play.

Mr. McGraw preached animosity, abhorrence, aversion and plain old-fashioned feeding. It was taken for granted that we hated all National

Leaguers. But in the spring we were taught to loathe the American League as well.

In 1921 Ty Cobb became manager of the Detroit Tigers, who were training in a San Antonio public park. Three years earlier a Giant hurler had hit Cobb with a pitched ball. Cobb had retaliated by spiking Buck Herzog sliding into second. Cobb and Herzog settled their differences that night in a hotel room with Cobb bloodying Herzog's nose before they shook hands.

John McGraw never forgot. One morning in 1921 I stepped into the lobby of the Menger Hotel. At the desk stood a livid man. It was Cobb. "Tell that beetle-browed hahoon to come down here and say it to my face!" shouted the outraged Mr. Cobb.

The clerk held an ear to the phone. "Mr. McGraw suggests, sir," he politely replied, "that you take your team and—what was that, Mr. McGraw?—and stick it in, er, the Grand Canyon."

Mr. McGraw had just canceled 10 exhibition games with Cobb's Tigers, against whom he refused to play unless

Cobb was fired as manager. We played the San Antonio Bears that spring to empty stands. Mr. McGraw did not speak to Cobb again until 1928, when both were much mellowed.

The year before the Cobb incident the Red Sox were our traveling companions on spring's northward trek, the tour having been originally booked by Mr. McGraw because Babe Ruth was the game's greatest box office magnet. However, the Sox had sold Ruth before exhibition season began, and this automatically added them to our hate list.

Mr. McGraw wanted to cancel the tour, but Ed Barrow, then Boston's manager, refused.

As we packed our bags, our wonderful Old Man banged into the clubhouse. "We got 22 games scheduled with those Boston bush league bums!" he notified us. "I want you to turn your backs when you pass them on the train, on the field, in the hotel. If they needle you, spit in their eye! If you answer back, it'll cost you one buck a word! Give those cheap-jacks nothing but the back of your neck!"

The tour was an utter financial flop. Box lunches replaced dining room steaks on trains. Hotels became shabby and shabbier until we wound up in a tuberculous sanitarium in Asheville, N.C., where we slept on cots and bathed five to a tub. But we were happy. We beat the Sox, 13 games to nine. We began the regular season in fighting trim.

A year later we met Washington on the infield of a half-mile track at Jackson, Miss., where a ground rule limited runners to one base on wild throws onto the pony path.

I was on second when a Senator pitcher flung a wild pitch over the low fence. I galloped home.

An inked old fox

Manager George McBride argued that the rule covered only wild throws, not wild pitches, and that I should be returned to third base. Owner Clark Griffith joined the debate at the plate. "If this wasn't an exhibition," claimed the Old Fox, "I'd yank my team off the field."

Mr. McGraw gleefully raced down the base path from his third base coaching box. "You American League pushovers don't belong on the same field as my Giants!" he challenged. "From Ban Johnson down to the last boy you're nothing but a bunch of second-stringers!"

The umpire was forgotten. I was forgotten. Mr. Griffith and our Old

continued

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Man insulted each other's ancestors for 10 lurid minutes.

"Play ball!" shouted the arbiter.

"Not with this blowmouth!" blazed Mr. Griffith, his customary gentility gone. "Boys, this game's over."

Mr. McGraw exulted over our 9-0 forfeit triumph. He toasted Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis for fining the Senators \$1,000 and damages to the Jackson Club which had to pay refunds to 4,000 spectators. He had succeeded in creating a situation humiliating to the upstart American League.

And we Giants loved him for it. We knew that whether we played on a rocky Class C diamond or in a World Series our orders were: "Win or get out." We won four pennants in a row.

I was traded to the St. Louis Cardinals after the 1926 season. I arrived at Avon Park, Fla. the following spring, and I quickly learned what the rest of the baseball world thought about Mr. McGraw and his hand-trained Giants.

Hostile stares greeted me as I entered the clubhouse. Nobody but Manager Bob O'Farrell and his coaches spoke to me on the field. A week passed before the Cardinals could forget that I had been one of Mr. McGraw's bully boys from the sidewalks of New York and admitted me to their gang.

Baseball goes to college

A new era in spring training was dawning. Branch Rickey, my new boss, was laying the cornerstone of his college of baseball knowledge that year. During the 12 seasons in which I played and managed the Cardinals for Mr. Rickey, he was evolving the present system of higher education for major league trainees.

Since then the hard-shelled, bulldozing methods of training have all but vanished from the scene. Ballplayers are groomed today like the thoroughbreds they are. They are graduated into competition politely, urbanely, unprofanely and with emphasis on the game as a profession, as dignified as any other.

If I'm pushed, I'll admit I'm a product of the old and new. As Cardinal manager I wielded the birch rod, roared, blasted and fined my way into the Gashouse Gang's 1934 World Series victory. Later, as manager of the Pirates and Cubs, I adapted myself to the more sensitive Rickeyan way.

The turning point came in 1937, when the Gashouse Gang was housed

in the luxurious Osceola Hotel in plush Daytona Beach. The tobacco-chewing Deans, unshaven Pepper Martin, outspoken Ducky Medwick and Lippy Leo Durocher occupied private cottages about which bougainvillea twined, hummingbirds hummed and where the waves lapped gently against the shore.

We dined over a refectory table, gazing at each other across sweet-scented flowers. We sipped soup to the subdued strains of romantic music. Pepper had so many knives, forks and spoons before him that he couldn't see straight.

I glanced at our fellow diners, sleek millionaires and their mink-swathed wives. "I'll watch my language before these social registerites," I told my men, "but I'll be damned if I'll come to dinner in a tuxedo!"

I got no laughs. My once-hardy Gashouses were even then mentally measuring themselves for the soup-and-fish.

Today's crop of major league stars live even more swankily in the spring. They motor in family parties toward the Southland in February. They golf, fish, swim. Comes March and they spend the first two days of the training season being filmed, interviewed and broadcasted. They rise at 8, breakfast leisurely, roll to the ball park in private buses, work out for a few hours. If a game is to be played they idle away the mornings. Afterwards they take a dip in a palm-shaded pool, sup and spend the evening in social periffage, at dancsats or dog tracks.

Now, I'm for them. I don't see why baseball players shouldn't enjoy life as heartily as other professional men. But I still believe that every regular should play nine innings in 25 exhibition games before the season opens. I believe that every man in camp should work out twice daily, game or no game. I believe that defects in a player's performance should be corrected by constant drills in that which he has been doing wrong.

I remember John Picus Quinn, born in 1885 and still pitching in 1933 at the age of 48, because he threw for at least one hour daily during the off season. I remember the hundreds of major leaguers who after 154 regular games and 30 postseason barnstorming contests, went hunting to keep their bodies hard, lean and keen.

Mr. McGraw, who made me work my fool head off, would have liked what the Braves are doing this year. He might even have liked scientific training. But he would always have stressed one thing: pennants are won in the spring, and they are won by work, good hard work. (F.N.D.)

TAR HEELS: SHADOW OF THE STYL
Sirs:

Well! this is just what I have been waiting for—true proof that “we” have the greatest team in the nation.

The sportswriters were smart enough to recognize the best team when they chose the University of North Carolina as the No. 1 team in the nation. But your magazine elung to Kansas as if in desperate hope.

Well! I hope you will make a little effort to make up for the big mess you have made all season. First, you might begin by looking into all the records Carolina has just broken. I think that might make interesting reading for one paragraph. Confidentially, many of us Southerners have taken just about all we will stand. We are tired of being hidden in the shadow of Kansas and Chamberlain.

I would like to close by saying that we do not find your magazine to be the only one in error. I would also like to say that your magazine has been in our home since its first edition. This letter has been composed to let you know how we honestly feel down here. We are most proud of our team, and we wish for others to read of our greatness.

A true Tar Heel
EMILY SOMERS

Chapel Hill, N.C.

● The Tar Heels set a national record for consecutive wins in a single season (32), a conference record for rebounds in one game (78 against Furman), and a bookful of campus records.—ED.

TAR HEELS: CATSUP AND PREJUDICE
Sirs:

Gentlemen, by now you should have come to your senses, realizing that the University of North Carolina basketball team is most definitely No. 1 in the nation, despite your prejudices.

Against Kansas, the Tar Heels proved that they are second to none. Once again they took to the court and performed with their deadly attack, never once losing their poise, never once giving up when defeat was so near. They withstood the fateful three overtimes with Kansas much better than the thousands here in North Carolina did as we watched the game on TV—and they won those three overtimes without the services of All-America Lennie Rosenblyth. They are a team, not a one-man outfit.

In view of the unbelievable record of the Tar Heel team, why have you deliberately neglected them throughout the season? Why have you deliberately refused to give Lennie Rosenblyth the recognition that is due to him? Give them the credit that is long overdue from you.

If Tex Maule and Jeremiah Tax would care to eat their words we would gladly furnish the catsup. Care to make a few more predictions?

BENNETT E. WHIDENANT, ROBERT E. MCKENNEY, FRANK W. SMITH, WILLIAM T. M. RUCKEN, H. G. GANDNER JR., GEORGE E. BOWEN, JOE MILLER, J. M. MILLER, JIM CARROLL, ROBERT W. LEWIS JR., C. JEFFERSON THOMPSON, CHARLES L. BOWERS, AVERY THOMAS, CHARLES R. THOMPSON, J. GILBERT WELSH,

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Chapel Hill, N.C.

● Pass the catsup, Messrs. Tax and Maule will eat all their words except Tax's last: "It is impossible to give too much credit to Coach Frank McGuire and his crew of Tar Heels" (SI, April 1).

But our basketball writers did not "neglect" North Carolina, e.g., "North Carolina . . . should have slight trouble with N.C. State in the Atlantic Coast Conference but with no one else" (SI, Dec. 17). "North Carolina State, North Carolina, Duke, Wake Forest—have for years been among the best anywhere. Indeed, if they did not spend most of the season knocking each other off, all four would undoubtedly enjoy consistently higher national rankings" (SI, Jan. 7). "No team in the East seems capable of stopping North Carolina . . ." (SI, March 18). "The Tar Heels are unquestionably the most experienced and poised of the four teams (in the NCAA championship finals). Pressure . . . should hurt them the least" (SI, March 25).

Another prediction? Since we have now heard from practically every adult citizen of Chapel Hill and environs—either singly or in groups—we predict that if the Tar Heel spirit is maintained at its present level and if Coach McGuire can bring along his two prize freshmen, York Larese of New York City and Lee Shaffer of Pittsburgh, the Tar Heels will win another NCAA victory despite the loss of Lennie Rosenblyth and Bob Young—if, that is, they get through the perennially tough ACC and, once again, in the NCAA, keep the ball away from Wilt Chamberlain.—ED.

MOTOR SPORTS: OH, PIONEERS!
Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's look at Sebring (SI, March 25) is the stimulus for me to sit down and tell you how very wonderful has been your coverage of what used to be the sport of a few "nuts." I am a sports-car

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THE
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creative and

pioneer in the view that I was the first man around here to drive "one of those silly, little foreign cars," to wit, an MG in 1946. Today I have the pleasure of owning a larger car and the even greater pleasure of hearing friends, acquaintances and strangers discuss it with knowledge and a little envy. Furthermore, there are now so many sports cars in this place that the station parking lot looks like the starting point of a road race. I think that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with its often beautiful and exciting and always conscientious reports and pictures on sports cars, races and other events, can take a large share of the credit for bringing sports cars to the verge of a major boom among sportsmen here. It has been, in a finer sense of the word, the hottest item on my mind, and I hope to continue to use the magazine give much coverage to sports cars.

DICK, KLEIN

Manhasset, N.Y.

PALM SPRINGS, HOMETOWN, U.S.A.

519

I have passed many happy days in the discreet seclusion of The Simple Tree Ranch (*Chokkigwan*) and a Code of Calm, March 18; and consequently have my own clothe-
sop and my own little feeling of having experienced life to the full. My code of calm, however, has been somewhat disturbed, and I take the liberty of advising you herewith.

Horace Sutton did a splendid job of glossing the peculiar way of life at Smoke Tree, and the entire presentation, store and pictures, is distinguished. What you have done, however, in the adjoining article on the city of Palm Springs, is what has disturbed my calm, as it will hundreds of other balanced people. Palm Springs has all that Horace Sutton says it has, and I have seen it all. It is indeed a trap for the socially ambitious, the big spender and the Texas oil tycoon who can buy their way into the company of Hollywood and New York celebrities. On the other hand, Palm Springs is many things to many people. The large residential population is striving to establish a civic consciousness and a normal life.

They have churches, a school system, a public library, a desert museum, a civic chorus, a distinguished playhouse, a Jewish Community Center and hundreds of honest people who work for their living and support the local economy.

They do not indulge in sequined feather dusters, as do the tourists, but they manage. It has distinguished architects and lawyers, physicians and surgeons, and because of the God-given climate people can there regain their health and well-being quite independently of Charlie Farrell, "Mouse" Powell and the Racquet Club's highly accelerated publicity.

I have no objection to Horace Sutton having his fun. Having seen the desert through the focus of Smoke Tree, I can understand that life for him will never be quite the same again. But as to Palm Springs, I have the impression he went through the station and heard the culls but hadn't time to get off the train and actually look around. If he had, he may have seen a sprawling desert community with

the worst growing pains a town ever had, and the end is not yet to come as long as there are teamsters and gangsters, false fronts, suckers, publicists and press agents, sewers, home-loving people, subdivisions and dreams. Let him go back and try again, for humanity's sake.

LESLIE HARRIS

Riverside County, Calif.

• Take away that required feather duster and you lose Footloose Horace Sutton. —ED.

SPRING FOOTBALL: BALANCED VIEW

First:

There is a great deal to be said on both sides of spring football (Hornox, March 18). Within the Ivy League itself several athletic officials have expressed widely varying views on the presidents' rules.

However, there is more to the matter than spring football. Recently several have attacked Ivy athletic policy without understanding the basic issues involved. A good example of this was the statement last October by Washington Redskins Owner George P. Marshall in which he accused the Ivy League presidents of killing college football and suggested that these presidents be fired.

What Mr. Marshall and others have failed to see is that the Ivy colleges simply aren't interested in producing athletes of professional caliber on a large scale. They are more interested in training men who will write political history than sports history. They have no objection to schools who train athletes or emphasize their sports programs, but they can't compete with those schools on the collegiate athletic field because they spend the major part of their time in other areas. They recognize, however, that there is a need in the world for both athletes and scholars. The Ivy League colleges want to produce scholars. Other schools want to produce athletes. Why not let each go his way?

The Ivies try—and I believe succeed—to mix academics and athletics. They have found that their academic aims are best achieved with a limited athletic program. As a varsity letter winner, a sports editor and an undergraduate at an Ivy League college I believe this balance to be sound.

JOHN P. BECKER

Providence

THE HOME RUN

First:

When home run records are discussed, reference is always made to Ruth's 60 in 1927 and the possibility of Mantle (or some lesser hero) breaking that. Recent publicity on the total number of homers made each year since 1920 by all players in both leagues indicates that Ruth's 64 in 1920, or his 19 in 1921 are much greater achievements than the 60 in 1927 and cannot be compared with any record that might be set this year or next. In 1920 the total home runs in the combined leagues was 681, so when Ruth made 64 he had over *ten percent* of all major league players. By 1927 the total had risen above 900, so the 60 of that year was one in about 15. If Mantle had hit 61 in 1956, when total home runs were nearly 2,300, he would have made one in 38. His ratio would have been less than one-third that of Ruth's 1920 figure.

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CECIL CALVERT SMITH

Twenty-four years ago this onetime cowboy took a fellow Texan and a couple of Californians to the first East-West polo match and beat Tommy Hitchcock, the Guest brothers and Mike Phipps. "Polo," Will Rogers gloated, "has gone right out of the drawing room and into the bunkhouse." More importantly, polo took Smith, today in his 20th year as 10-goal player, out of a Llano County bunk-

house and onto playing fields all over the country, to the rejuvenating benefit of a game whose future never looked brighter. One case in point is polo's new look: the score or so of low-handicap clubs that flourish around communal stables throughout the U.S. Another: Florida's classic high-goal matches, sparked over the past seasons by Smith, who, as an admirer once said, put the home run into polo.

(continued)

4
7
12 *pages*

To Bill Holman

From Gerry Becker, Chicago

Without having personal aide to keep the score it is impossible to give you a count of people who have brought up Hogan series. Comments are too frequent, and all are favorable. On day after first article came out we had a client and agency meeting with five men, and everyone of them had already read the story. On March 11 we had a long distance phone call from president of largest agency in Twin Cities asking if he could get blow-ups similar to those used in sporting goods promotion. As non-golfers I find myself contemplating destruction of tennis racket and year of strict training in preparation for 1958 seniors.

To Bill Holman

From Cecil London, San Francisco

Insofar as local reaction is concerned the Hogan series is undoubtedly the most talked about feature which has yet appeared in Sports Illustrated.

Example one: The other evening at a cocktail party I noticed a male across the room demonstrating to a mixed group the proper golfing stance. I was interested enough to wander over to find that he was basing his instruction on Mr. Hogan's article. I was also interested to discover that among the six people serving as his audience four had read the same article.

Example two: Saturday at the club I was approached by three people who wanted to know if I could get copies of the March 18 issue which they had been unable to find on a newsstand. Our club pro told me that darned near every club member he had seen for the past week had mentioned the Hogan series to him. He also ventured the opinion that this was by far the finest instruction series he had ever seen.

Example three: Just this morning I have had three calls from agency people who have inquired about getting copies of the current issue. In two instances apparently someone had walked off with the reception room copy. Generally it has been an item of conversation on calls as well as socially since the first article appeared.

50
36
30
7

(over)

To Bill Holman

From Harry Slynn, Philadelphia

Regarding the Hogan articles

I personally have had any number of people mention them to me.

Thursday I was in Wilmington and did not have my advance copy with me. (Nancy had lifted it from my briefcase the night before and did not put it back.) At 11:00 o'clock I checked the newsstands at both the Nemours Building and the DuPont Hotel. They had not received their new issues as yet, but said they would get them in at noon. Right after lunch -- about 2:00 P.M. -- I went out to both newsstands to find that they had already sold out.

In addition, one ad man told me that he had given away his issue to one of his secretaries who could not find one to buy in Wilmington. She had reserved the upcoming four issues at the local newsstand to be sure to get same.

From Mal Scott, of LIFE, I have received the following comments

After a round of golf on Saturday at which all members of his foursome tried the Hogan grip and chattered consistently about it, he asked all the people who came in the locker room while he was there during the next hour, and found that every single one of them had tried out the Hogan grip that day. Many of these had inconclusive results, but one of the good golfers, who hadn't been able to break 80 all last Fall, came in with a 77 last Saturday and is crazy about it.

On Sunday, he went through the same procedure, but found a former president of a group and another oldster who hadn't seen it. The rest of the people all had and were using it.

This noon, a banker told him that he had house guests over the weekend, and that the Hogan articles, both grip and stance, were discussed endlessly with livingroom demonstrations.

Mal's partner commented that although golf might be second to fishing as a participating sport, it will be way ahead of participation by top business executives. His comment was "no matter what SI paid Hogan, it should be worthwhile in causing SI's articles to be a terrific source of conversation among business executives."



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